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AT
ALL
STORES



Father always tells the truth

By VAL TEAL

ONE thing about my father, he's honest. Mother came down the street with this new hat in a hatbox, swinging the box by the string. "Must be something special," father said, watching her through the window. "The way she's swinging along."

The hat was something special. Mother came in and put it on the dining-room table.

"Put the kettle on," she told me. "We'll have lunch in a jiffy. I'm starved. But first, I want to show you something." And her voice was all quivery.

"We had lunch," I said.

"It's almost two," father said.

"No wonder I'm so hungry," mother said. "Put the water on for tea for me, then. I brought some rolls. Don't you want to have some with me? Just wait till you see this," she said. She was having trouble with the knot in the string. But then she got it and she lifted out this hat.

"Isn't it a dream?" she said. "It's a hat." And she held it high on her hand and looked at it.

"Glad you told me," father said. "I thought it was a coat you needed so much."

"Oh, I do," mother said. "I do. Mine is so definitely old-fashioned. But"—and she sighed—"I couldn't afford a coat. So I got this extra special hat. When I wear it no one will look at my coat. Don't you love it?" she said.

"I suppose so," father said. "After all, what's a hat without a woman under it?"

Mother laughed. "You shall have the woman," she said, "in a moment. It's a name hat," she said. "Do you know what that means?"

"Yes," father said. "They put your name in it."

"Not my name," mother said. "The big designer's name. It's designed by a man so well known in the millinery field that his name is sewn in his creations. This is one of the cheaper ones, of course, but some of these hats run way up in price. More than a coat."

"Each?" father said.

"Of course, each," mother said. "They don't come in dozens. There is only one of a kind, and the name in a hat," mother said, and she showed the name inside the hat to father, "makes women green with envy."

"I should think, then, it would be sewn on the

outside," father said. "A couple of very common names for such a whiz of a hat," he added.

Mother laughed. "Sewn on the outside!" she said. "That would be bragging. It doesn't need to be. Women who know enough to get green can tell without the sign."

"Then," father said, "why sew it in?"

"For proof, I suppose," mother said. "In case of a challenge. It doesn't worry me. This is my hat. The girl in the shop said so. It makes me feel young and gay and important just to read the label. You know what I might do?" she said. "I might save the label and sew it in a cheaper hat later."

That shocked father. "You wouldn't really?" he said.

Mother looked up at the ceiling and considered it. "I'm not sure. It would depend on if I thought I could get away with it. Anyway, here goes. This hat is a hat. It takes putting on. Don't go away."

She went into her bedroom.

"Well, what do you think?" she said, coming back again. "What do you honestly think?"

Now mother should have known better than to put "honestly" in it. Father never takes it lightly when someone asks him what he honestly thinks.

He looked at mother very carefully. He went around and looked at the back. Finally he said, "It hardens the lines in your face."

Mother took off the hat and threw it on to a chair. My little brother, Pud, picked it up and smoothed out the feather that was on it as if he felt sorry for the hat.

Mother said, "Well! The hat cost a pretty penny, but I'll certainly never wear it!" Then she said, "Is the kettle boiling?" as if she had forgotten about the whole thing.

Father started to read his book again. I suppose he thought she had.

But mother glared at him a minute. And then she said, "Well, say something!"

"I did," father said, looking up from his book. "Too much, I suppose. I didn't know you wanted pretty lies."

"You've just wrecked a whole season for me and

you don't even care," mother said.

Father said, "It's a pretty enough hat. It just doesn't go with your face. They ought to sell hats that go with faces."

"Well, that helps, I'm sure," mother said. "I liked it better when you just kept silent."

"You're a good-looking woman," father said, getting up and picking up the hat. "And this is a very pretty hat, but I don't like it on you. Couldn't you just carry it?"

"That," mother said, "is the kind of question nobody answers." She whisked the hat out of father's hands and put it back in the box. She put the tissue paper back on top of it and put the lid on. "Come on and have some tea," she said. "I suppose you can't help having to tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but."

Mother wore the hat, though. She wore it several times. But every time she did she fussed around a lot about how she had it on and she wasn't happy about it. And "I hate this coat," she said, time and time again. "I should have put the money towards a coat."

"I think the hat is very pretty," I told her, and she said: "Yes, so does father. I was crazy, I suppose. What I really need is a new vacuum cleaner, and I spend that kind of money on a hat."

She was still wearing the hat and talking that way about it when this girl came to visit Aunt Lil. She isn't our aunt, she's mother's aunt, and mother's cousin, Dorothy, lives with her, and this girl came there to stay for a long time because she was to go to some kind of a school and Aunt Lil has an extra room and the girl's mother was an old friend of hers.

Because the announcer said "Honestly", father thought very carefully before answering.

Please turn to page 4



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CREATED BY
Merica

Father Always Tells the Truth

Continued from page 3

ONE night mother said: "I want to go over to Aunt Lil's to-night. I can hardly wait to see Rita. I've heard so much about her. So I baked some brownies."

"What?" father said.

"Hurry with dinner," mother said. "We'll all go. The baby too."

"I hope Rita comes often, if she makes you bake brownies," father said.

"They're for Aunt Lil," mother said. "I have to have an excuse for going."

"Couldn't you just go to see Rita?" father said.

"Of course not," mother said. "It would look nosy. Aunt Lil loves brownies."

It doesn't seem right," father said. "Carrying brownies to Aunt Lil just so we can all gawk at Rita."

"I suppose it wouldn't to you," mother said. "It has such a dishonest flavor."

Well, this Rita was very special. I thought she was going to be as old as mother and Dorothy, but she wasn't; she was just a young girl, and was she someone? It wasn't only that her eyes were the bluest I've ever seen and her hair was light and silky and shining, and her face had everything just exactly right, and her forehead was wide and kind of shining, too, and she was slim, and wore nice clothes, but she was even nice.

"Well, what did you think of Rita?" mother said afterwards, when we were home and trying to get the blankets off the baby.

Father whistled. "Whree-where-you! The gorgeous stuff Aunt Lil's old friends turn out," he said.

"She is pretty, isn't she?" mother said.

"She is," father said. "I don't think I've ever seen any one girl with so much of everything. Her hair and her eyes and her complexion and her figure and even her voice!"

"I didn't ask for an inventory," mother said.

But father didn't notice what she said.

"Now that's the kind of face I mean," he said, "to go under that hat of yours with the name. Her face is soft and the hat wouldn't have that effect on her."

"Get to bed, boys!" mother said. "And don't skip the toothbrush!"

I was finishing the comic strips.

"I mean now," she said, picking up the sleeping baby and starting upstairs with him, and she sounded cross. She stopped on the stairs and turned around. "I suppose I might give Rita the hat," she said.

Father didn't answer.

"But then she might not take cast-offs," mother said, "and I might not be able to afford another. I suppose people will have to stand it on me."

"I really think," father said, "the more I think about it, I really think that hat was made for her. It belongs with her. It would be an artistic act to put it on her. You know what? We could get her over and let her try it on, and if it's what I think it would be, get her to let me take her photograph."

"Oh, goody!" mother said through her teeth. "Let's!" And she went on upstairs.

It was about two weeks later that mother had Aunt Lil over for dinner. And Dorothy and Rita, too, of course.

"Aunt Lil's so wonderful to me," she said. "I think we ought to have them."

"You don't have to think up reasons," father said. "Just have them. And maybe Rita will let me take her photograph."

"Maybe she will!" mother said.

After dinner father said, "Would you like to see some pictures I've been taking?"

And Aunt Lil said, "Of course we would, dear," and I knew what father was getting around to.

He showed them photographs he

had just finished mounting. And Aunt Lil said, "You certainly have some nice ones there," and Dorothy said to Rita, "You know, he has exhibited many times," and Rita said, "They're just beautiful," and father said, "Well, I enjoy it. When I see something pretty, I like to photograph it. You know," he said to Rita suddenly, "I'd like to photograph you, some time."

"Well, thank you," Rita said.

"How about now?" father said. "I'm all set up in the basement."

"Why, all right, I suppose," Rita said.

"There's this hat," father said, and mother went out to attend to something in the kitchen. "It's a very charming hat, and I think it would be rather special on you. Would you put it on?"

Rita shrugged. "Well, yes, if you like," she said.

Father called to mother and she came back into the room. "Rita says she'll wear the hat," father said.

"How nice!" mother said.

"Well, get it, will you?" father said.

Mother stood very, very still as if she wasn't even breathing and she said, "I'm so very sorry, but it isn't here," and she kept looking at Rita all the time, not at father.

"Isn't here?" father said. "You couldn't take it back, you wore it."

"Oh, no," mother said. "I didn't take it back. A feather came loose and I took it back to them to have it tacked on."

"A little thing like that. You couldn't sew it on yourself?" father said.

"Huh-um," mother said, shaking her head.

Well, father took the photographs and they all went home early because Aunt Lil doesn't like to stay out late

"The happiest women, like the happiest nations, have no history." —George Eliot.

too, reading to Pud, and it had a spot or two on it and mother said he should do it again, really. But father seemed interested in only that one of Rita.

"This is my best picture," he kept saying, "the best one I've ever done. Look at that skin quality. Look at the light on the hair. Look at the tilt of the chin."

"The eyes and the neck aren't bad either," mother said. "Good thing we didn't use the hat. That would have been too much."

Father made maybe half a dozen large prints of that one picture of Rita.

"It's the best work I've ever done," he said. "I want to get the most out of it."

Rita's picture was hung in the exhibition. And Pud and the baby and one lake one. But not mother.

Well, then one day Rita cooked up this radio party. Everyone had been so nice to her, she said, she was going to entertain all of us. Aunt Lil and Dorothy and Rita and all of us, Pud, too, but not the baby, were going out for dinner as her guests, and then came the exciting part. She had tickets for this radio broadcast.

I hadn't ever been to a broadcast, even a little one, but this was a big one. This was Rupert Dodds, and he was going around broadcasting from different towns, and he was coming to ours. I just love his programmes because he does such funny things with people. He makes them go out in the street and ask people silly questions just to see what happens, and he gives them wonderful prizes.

Pud and I were terribly excited about the broadcast, and we talked about it all the time. And father thought it would be nice, too; he listens to it. Mother never listens to the radio much, but she said it sounded wonderful, and she hoped we'd all get prizes.

I said, "Well, you have to do crazy things to get them, and everyone doesn't get chosen."

And mother said, "Crazy things? Like what? Like buying expensive hats when you need coats and vacuum cleaners?"

And I said, "No, like jumping into a tub of water."

And she said, "Well, then, I hope you get a prize. Or," she said, and she laughed, "I hope father does. You'll concentrate hard, won't you?" she said to father. "And make them choose you, and before you jump you whisper in their ear and tell them what you really want is an ultra-smart coat."

"What I really want is a new camera," father said. "Can't I ask for that?"

"Oh, your camera's all right," mother said. "Please ask for the coat."

"All right," father said. "I will." And then he pretended he was talking to Rupert Dodds.

"I'm fine," he said, "fine. How's yourself? Yes, I know a little about swimming and diving. Yes, sir, I'd be glad to answer your question, and if I get it wrong what do I have to do? Dive from that springboard up there at the top of the theatre into that little bitty tub of water head first? Certainly, certainly, sir."

"Go ahead with your question. But first, I'd like to tell you that what I really want more than anything in the world is a lady's coat—extra ultra-smart. What? Oh, no. Ha, ha, not for myself. It's for the little woman, finest little woman you ever saw. She's sitting out there in the audience right now watching me, and it's only through the faith of women like her, sir, that men like me are able to do things like this, sir."

"Oh, I hope father gets on the programme," Pud said. "He'd just be wonderful."

"Well, wear your old clothes," mother said, "in case you do."

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BLISSFULLY Meg sighed and closed her eyes. She was supposed to be asleep. Under the fond impression that she would sleep for another three hours, Phil had tiptoed out the moment the children woke and had sneaked them downstairs, their combined "shushes" making no more noise than a locomotive stopping in a tunnel.

But it was impossible to sleep or even to relax; she lay there listening tensely to the subdued din from the kitchen as Phil got breakfast, and worried.

It was easy enough to stay in bed; it was too easy. The trouble was, it was exactly what she wanted to do; it was incredible how weak that attack of flu had left her.

"The trouble is," the doctor had said, "it isn't just the flu. You're tired out. You've been working too hard. You young people," the doctor continued, "haven't the sense to take care of yourselves. Out three or four nights a week, I'll guarantee, and up with the children at six or even earlier every morning in the week."

"They sleep till seven," Meg said defensively. "Almost always."

"It's ridiculous," he had said. "You can't hope to keep it up. Well, just stay in bed and we'll get you straightened out. And then we'll see."

But I have to get up, Meg thought. Of course, I know I can't. But I have to. And we're not going out three or four nights—though it's always two, at least. And then we have to have people here; you can't stop entertaining just because you have two children. If only we could get a maid, she thought.

Phil needed his friends. He was sociable by nature. He liked people and he liked to invite them to his home. So did she. Only it was ridiculous and dreadful to have reached the point where she found herself working out that if they invited two more people it meant at least six more trips between the kitchen and dining-room, or approximately two hundred and sixteen more steps.

She wiggled her feet under the bedclothes. It seemed as though they were tired still, though she had hardly been on them for five days. It can't just be that what I'm trying to do is too much for me. It can't

be too much for me, because I have to keep on doing it.

She knew why that was—she couldn't let Phil feel tied down. Not that he would feel tied down by matrimony or by her—she didn't even consider that. But he might feel tied down by the children.

There was no question about how much Phil wanted the children. And yet, though they tied her down, she had worn herself out trying to keep them from tying Phil down.

The reason for that was very clear. The children were her job. Phil's job did not tie her down in the evenings; if it had, she would have resented it. Therefore she could not let her job tie Phil down.

She sat up in bed, too irritated to lie still any longer. So what had happened? She had worn herself out and now the entire job—not just bits of it—had come right down on Phil's head. He hadn't just had to give up a few sociable pleasures; he had to leave the office for a week to stay home and take care of the children.

She slipped back under the bedclothes just in time. Someone was tiptoeing carefully up the stairs. She opened her eyes and said, "Good morning," and the three of them were there.

She said, "Darling!" and the children both ran to her; there was never any doubt in their minds as to which she meant. She always meant both of them. They both started chattering.

"Really?" Meg said.

"They're saying," Phil translated, "that we all fit in the shower at once, and we all had our hair washed, and nobody got soap in his eyes very badly and nobody cried."

Meg smiled. "That was nice," she said.

Phil lit a cigarette; Susie stood on the edge of the bed and tried to reach the reading-lamp, and Little Phil stood just aft of her knees and practised being a tumbler.

"I'm going shopping," Phil said, waving the match out nonchalantly.

Let a MAN do it

By J. and A. MARX

She stared at him, forgetting to steady Little Phil with her hand. "But, darling, you've ordered by phone every day!"

"I know," he said. "I know how to order by phone." His voice dismissed that small thing as though it were nothing; as though it did not take experience and thought and careful planning to decide what four people would need every day and to order it. "But this time I want something special. Extra."

"Phil," she said sharply. "We're not having company!"

He turned around and looked at her and smiled. The smile was her undoing. Sweet and special and just for her. "That's right," he said gently. "We're having company."

"Phil, who?"

"Somebody special," he said and bent over her. "You," he said and kissed her. The kiss was her undoing too. "Didn't the doctor say you could get up for dinner the fifth day?"

"Oh! Well, yes, he did." The trouble was she wanted to get up for dinner; she wanted their normal life to go on. It was lonely this way, it wasn't right. But cooking dinner—the thought, the timing, the steps—she felt miserable; she couldn't remember ever failing him before.

"I'm sorry, darling," she said ruefully. "I'm just nowhere near ready to cook dinner."

The injured look on his face was almost more than she could bear. "Cook dinner!" he said indignantly. "You're coming down for dinner. I'm cooking it. Of course."

She thought of it. He had been carrying on for five days, managing somehow. Getting a sandwich for himself, bringing her an invalid's diet of soup and a baked potato. But a real dinner? Ready right after he got the children to bed? She knew how much trouble that was.

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If Phil was close to tears perhaps it was only the onions.

The Australian Women's Weekly.
September 19, 1940
Page 5



John Miller

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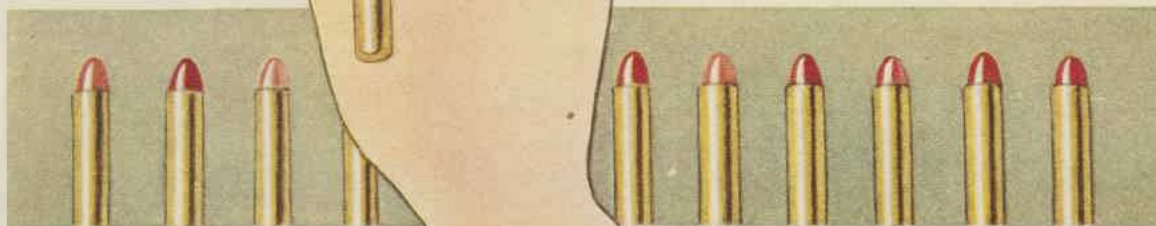
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Mary a SLIP

By LEE ROGOW

IT was about four in the morning. The green convertible had been eating up the miles from Los Angeles, charging up heights, roaring down the straight stretches. Suddenly the headlights flicked over a road sign with bits of glass set into the steel like jewels.

The car whipped around the turn without slackening speed. The right front wheel ploughed into loose loam. The car twisted wildly off the road and burst through the white fence, the headlights splintering into darkness against the rail. The car bucked and yawed for forty yards before coming to a stop in the field.

Irma Benson, the girl in the front seat, slowly took her hands away from her face and opened her eyes.

"Do you always drive like this," she said, "or only when you're on your way to get married?"

Derek Holt's hands were still on the steering-wheel. He held on tightly for a minute, feeling the pressure of his grip. Then he let go. Without turning his head, he said, "Emily, are you all right?" She heard it distinctly—Emily, not Irma.

The girl gave him a dazed glance. "I think so," she said.

"Let's get out of this heap," said Derek. "I've turned off the switch but petrol is tricky stuff."

Irma tried the door on her side. It was jammed. Derek's door was still working. He got out and she slipped past the steering-wheel after him. As she stepped out of the car the heels of her evening shoes sank into soft dirt.

It was unbelievably quiet, the faint noise of insects seeming only to underline the stillness. The car lay crumpled and quiet, like a slain dragon.

Irma felt Derek's hands on her shoulders, and he kissed her.

Then the moment of uncertainty which had made him seek the kiss passed. A smile hovered about his lean but boyish face. The girl thought it odd that his hair was still combed, that his dinner jacket hung neatly on his athletic frame, that his black bow tie sprang precisely between the starched points of his collar.

On the surface, at least, he was amazingly like the men he wrote into screen plays—elegant, witty, completely self-assured with horses, hostesses, and headwaiters. And yet one little slip of the tongue had given her a glimpse of a seething complex of emotions, opposing purposes, doubts, memories.

"Derek," she said, "what's my name?"

He looked at her, surprised.

"What's my name?" she repeated.

"Your name is Irma Benson," he announced with a smile. "At least it's Irma Benson until we get to Yuma, where a justice of the peace will crawl out of bed, hop into his carpet slippers, and pronounce you Mrs. Derek Holt."

Even under stress his talk sounded like "Additional dialogue by Derek Holt." Until a minute ago, that chatter had effectively smoke-screened what was going on inside him. She considered starting to explore that hidden portion of him with her new awareness, but there were more immediate considerations.

"Got any ideas?" she asked. "Or do you intend to stay here until an

insurance company inspector shows up?"

"I seem to remember seeing a garage open at that crossroads we passed about two miles back. How about my ambling back there and finding out if they have a tow car while you dream away on the car seat?"

"Not a chance. Lead on. I'm with you as long as these shoes hold out."

Derek opened the trunk of the car and took out an Indian blanket. "Souvenir of a train wait in Texas." He grinned. "Will Madam try it on for size?"

They passed through the gap the car had torn in the fence. He took her arm and they swung out on to the highway. Their footsteps rang on the concrete and their breaths made little puffs of white mist in the moonlight. Irma watched Derek ambling along beside her, whistling. She knew what she had to say, and yet the words congealed in her throat. When at last she spoke, the sentence tumbled out all at once, harsh, and without expression.

"Derek, are you sure you want to marry me?"

He stopped walking and looked at her in amazement. "That's a heck of a thing to ask fifty miles from Yuma."

"I know. But I have to ask it."

"Remember me? I'm the fellow who suggested this little expedition. Yes, Irma Benson, I love you and I want to marry you."

"Listen to me, Derek," she pleaded. "I know you think you want to marry me, but it's not so simple as that. No, wait! Let me finish."

She went on, not letting him interrupt:

"Sometimes you think you want things one way, but something inside you wants them another way. And this something inside you, whatever it is, is trying to stop you from doing what you think you want to do. Like Sandra, one of the girls at the office. She keeps losing her wedding ring. And I have a hunch it's because she's secretly unhappy about her marriage."

"Oh, I get it," Derek chuckled. "You're talking about the subconscious. My dear girl, don't you know that Freud and the subconscious are dead as topics for conversation?"

"Whatever it is, I suspect you don't want to get to Yuma to marry me to-night."

"Horsefeathers," he said. "I've been driving like a maniac as get there, haven't I?"

"Not so much like a maniac as like a man who wanted to have an accident. Twice you passed cars on blind curves. You haven't slowed down for a turn all night. And the closer we came to Yuma the wilder you got."

"I see," he smiled. "You've been collecting a dossier on me. Nasty habit for a future wife."

"One place you even jumped two red lights."

"Impatience for the happy moment of our nuptials."

"Ever since we banged through that fence you've been as happy as a kid in a mud puddle."

"My naturally sunny disposition, which will be a great delight to you after our marriage. My sweet Irma,



this is what comes of seeing too many psychological movies. I shall have to bring this up at the next studio conference."

If she had shaken him even the least bit, there was nothing in his manner or voice to show it. She was tempted now to doubt the truth of her sudden insight. His answers were bantering, almost scornfully so, yet as plausible an explanation of his behaviour as her own strange guess.

There was something like hope in Irma's voice as she said, "When the car stopped in the field back there and you asked me if I were all right, you called me Emily."

He stood stock still, closing his eyes and jerking his head away so she could not see his face. The glare of headlights showed beyond the rise ahead. She took his arm and led him off the pavement as a truck went by with an echoing snore.

Derek jerked his arm away and stepped back on the concrete. He was walking so fast she had to trot to keep up with him. "Who's Emily?" she said.

Derek shook his head as if to clear it.

"Who's Emily?" she persisted, panting.

Derek stopped. "All right," he said, "I'll tell you about Emily. But understand this—I still believe what you have been saying about my wanting this accident is the sheerest gobbledy-gook."

Irma nodded.

Gaily Irma laughed, and ran ahead of Derek up the flight of steps to the house.

"Emily is Emily Winters," said Derek. "I've known her ever since I was that high. She lived next door to us, and she used to play in our yard. She was always a capricious, demanding little witch. You would think she was laughing at you, inviting you to chase her. You'd run after her like a mad hen. And then, when you caught her, she froze you with a look, as if to say, 'Whatever gave you the notion it was you I was thinking of?'"

He kicked at an inoffensive stone. "She came here when she finished school last year," he went on, "and I got her a job on one of the fan magazines. Every time I asked her to marry me she'd smile one of those iceberg smiles and say she wanted to ride on the big merry-go-round first. Lately, whenever I rang, she'd be out with her editor or a producer or something."

Irma felt cold and pulled the old blanket closer around her. "You're in love with Emily," she said slowly.

"Pooh! I don't give a small green fig for Emily," said Derek. "She is now a part of my lurid past."

"Don't kid me. I wish I could have recorded that little speech and played it back for you. This Emily sounds like a girl whose eyes I would happily claw out, but you're daffy about her and no mistakes."

"Horsefeathers," said Derek. "I'm twenty-nine years old. Do you think a man can go that long without collecting a few scars? I'll bet you have a couple of old battle wounds of your own and you're not exactly elderly."

Irma smiled thinly.

"What did I tell you? Want to tell me? One good confession deserves another," crowed Derek. He put his arm around her.

"It doesn't concern us," said Irma briskly.

Derek grabbed her by the arms and turned her until she was facing him. Over his shoulder she could see a jagged mountain ridge where morning was beginning to wash some of the blackness out of the sky. "I'll tell you what," he said. "There's nothing that says we have to hurry on down to Yuma and get married at a dead run. We can always go back to Los Angeles and do it all leisurely and nicely."

Panic made her rigid in his arms. Struck with wonder at her own insight, bewitched by the danger, she had baited him into suggesting they turn back. Weakly—and yet aware of her own craftiness—she let herself sway forward against him. "I vote for Yuma, darling."

Please turn to page 32

Page 7

POISON *in the* HOUSE





Six years ago, A. E. Martin won a prize of £1000 in an Australian Women's Weekly fiction contest with his first novel, "Common people." Now he has achieved world recognition as a top-rank writer of fiction. He is at his best in this compelling serial.

WHEN they had tethered their horses among the trees behind the little weatherboard church, the two men made their way through the thick dark to the end of the straggling main street. The little township was very still. With one exception all the shops were closed, but they could see the feeble red glimmer of the pub lamp breaking the monotony of blackness. The only intervening illumination was the glow thrown by the kerosene lamp behind the huge green bottle in the chemist's window.

The taller man stopped on the edge of a patch of light and flattened his long, lean body against the closed door of the neighboring shop.

"Now," he said, and sucked in his breath as though this were the beginning of some design long premeditated.

The smaller man hesitated. "Now?" he repeated.

"You know what to ask for."

"I've told you a hundred times."

"I know, Pete, I know."

"Well, go on. After the man gives it to you, you can buy some musk lollies. Pink ones. You like pink lollies, don't you? Ask for three penn'orth of pink musks."

"I like pink musks."

"Go on, then. But ask for the other thing first."

"I'll say it's for the cats. I'll remember what you told me, Pete."

"Bush cats, Holper. They're a nuisance. We want to kill them off quick."

"I know," the other said with faint irritability. "You don't have to tell me over." He stepped into the light and the reflection from the big bottle made his pasty face pale green as he thrust it against the sheet glass.

The window was bare save for two calendars, each for the year 1899, set on either side of the bottle as though there was necessity to impress time upon the people of a tiny township where it was of no importance.

"He's not there," Holper whispered.

"When you go in, a bell will ring; then he will come out."

Holper pulled open the wire door and the promised

bell jangled as he stepped in, but the following hush was almost violent by contrast. He couldn't hear his feet on the carpet, and the shadow, attenuated and gigantic, which heralded the coming of the chemist from the rear of the shop disconcerted him.

"Is there something I can do for you?" The chemist's voice was querulous with age, his figure stooped, and his head was covered by a smoking-cap with a dangling tassel. He had long, yellow teeth bared in a business smile, but there was still a glint of humor in the rheumy eyes. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Holper."

A lock of fair hair had escaped from under his customer's black felt hat—so wide it emphasised the sloping thinness of the shoulders beneath, and, in the subdued light, gave him a boyish appearance.

The chemist was thinking, however, that the face had the ancient expression of a very young baby. Over the blue eyes the brows elevated in an air of perpetual inquiry.

Outside, Pete Gorrik had sidled from the dark to peer round the frame of the window. He fingered the fluff of his soft black beard and saw the chemist in profile. He could hear the soft, faint mumble of voices.

Presently the chemist turned from Holper and put a key in a cupboard lock. When the cupboard door swung open, his head and shoulders were hidden, but in a minute or two he reappeared, closing and locking the little door, a small jar in his hand.

For a few moments he disappeared into the rear of the shop. When he came into view again, he took a label from a pigeon-hole and painstakingly pasted it on the jar he held.

Gorrik saw a skinny forefinger pointed, heard an admonishing voice, and quite plainly read the word "POISON." When he stepped back into the doorway, his palms were sweating, and he wiped them on the corduroy trousers tucked into the high riding-boots.

The wire door squeaked on its hinges. Gorrik seized Holper's arm and hurried him through the dark to where they had left their horses . . .

By A. E. MARTIN

Please turn to page 37

Nora was the first to hear the sound from the darkness behind the church. "There's someone with a horse," she whispered.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 10, 1949

Page 8

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LEGEND TELLS that long ago at the beginning of time, there lived in the clear rivulets many tiny water spirits, who dwelt in the bubbles that clung together at the water's edge. After many long years, one tiny water spirit became envious of all the animals and birds and fish he could see through the transparent walls of his bubble. He wished that he, too, could know the joy of living. And so the little water spirit wished and wished so hard that gradually he changed! He took shape! First he became like a little fish. Then he grew legs like the animals he admired . . . strong, springy legs that enabled him to hop and fly through the air like a bird. The Gods, seeing such an ambitious little creature, sent the beautiful lyre bird to teach him how to sing and imitate all the bushland creatures. Soon news of the little green frog's wonderful talent spread, and people came from near and far to listen to his performance. They were delighted, and asked for encore after encore, until the poor little green frog strained his voice. And, from that day to this, he has only been able to croak his wonderful repertoire of songs.



ENTIRELY AUSTRALIAN:

All-Australian and made from pure Australian wool, Feltex has won nation-wide acceptance as the very finest floor covering of its type. Feltex is beautiful, colourful, soft and comfortable underfoot . . . and at the same time it is the most economical floor covering you can buy, because of its extra width and durability. Always insist on genuine Feltex.

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MEN'S FASHIONS . . . London, 1949

OUR artist LEONARD GREEN, now in London, sketches here the latest styles Mayfair is sponsoring for its well-dressed men about town. He includes styles for casual, town, and evening occasions, formal and informal.

● The hacking jacket, shown in three poses below, is the most noticeable item in men's clothes. It is being worn everywhere for casual occasions. It is longish in cut, has ticket pockets with outside flaps, two vents at the back.

● A quite new note is the raincoat, at right, with shaped or tailored shoulders. Extreme right is a double-breasted town suit with longish, draped jacket, wide lapels.

● The smart, dignified Homburg, above right, is popular, and for casual wear the beret, above, is favored for its comfort.

● Full dress suits cut with wide lapels are popular again for evening, below left, and the double-breasted dinner jacket, below, is cut long and draped, with large lapels.

● Slip-on crepe-soled shoes, below, for casual wear have a strap or buckle over the front, a simple tie lace, or a plain tongue front with concealed elastic to hold the shoe.

● Shirts with wide-angle collars, at right, are often of soft material, and have small buttons holding down the collar points. A new note in ties is contrasting plain knot. Ties are made with diagonal, vertical, or horizontal stripes.





It's good to be home — to look out of your window and see London's massive sprawl, to shop around the West End for new and lovely clothes, to find your feet back in Bond Street (and back in wonderful Clarks shoes). So thinks Gertrude Lawrence, after twelve years in America — and so think Londoners, welcoming her back to the Aldwych Theatre, in the star role of Daphne du Maurier's 'September Tide.'

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**How does she know
her seams are straight?**

It's no secret now that Plaza nylons with the ingenious seam corrector are here. Just look for the little mark in the weave above the knee when you slip on these exciting sheers. See that it's in the centre front and your stocking seams will then be straight at the back. There's no need to turn and twist to check up on the straightness of your seams when you wear these superbly fashioned nylons. Now available at all principal stores in the latest fashion shades. Remember too, that all Plaza nylons are triple-tested for faults.



Plaza nylons
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* Complete range of all ladies' hosiery obtainable in Plaza quality.

TRADE ENQUIRIES: F. W. Green & Co., Pty., Limited, 20/26 Queen St., Melbourne, C.I



TOO YOUNG for real ballet class, Kay Owens and Patty Trim go to pre-ballet lessons. Patty tries to copy position she's seen assumed by some of the older girls. Kay looks interested but doubtful.

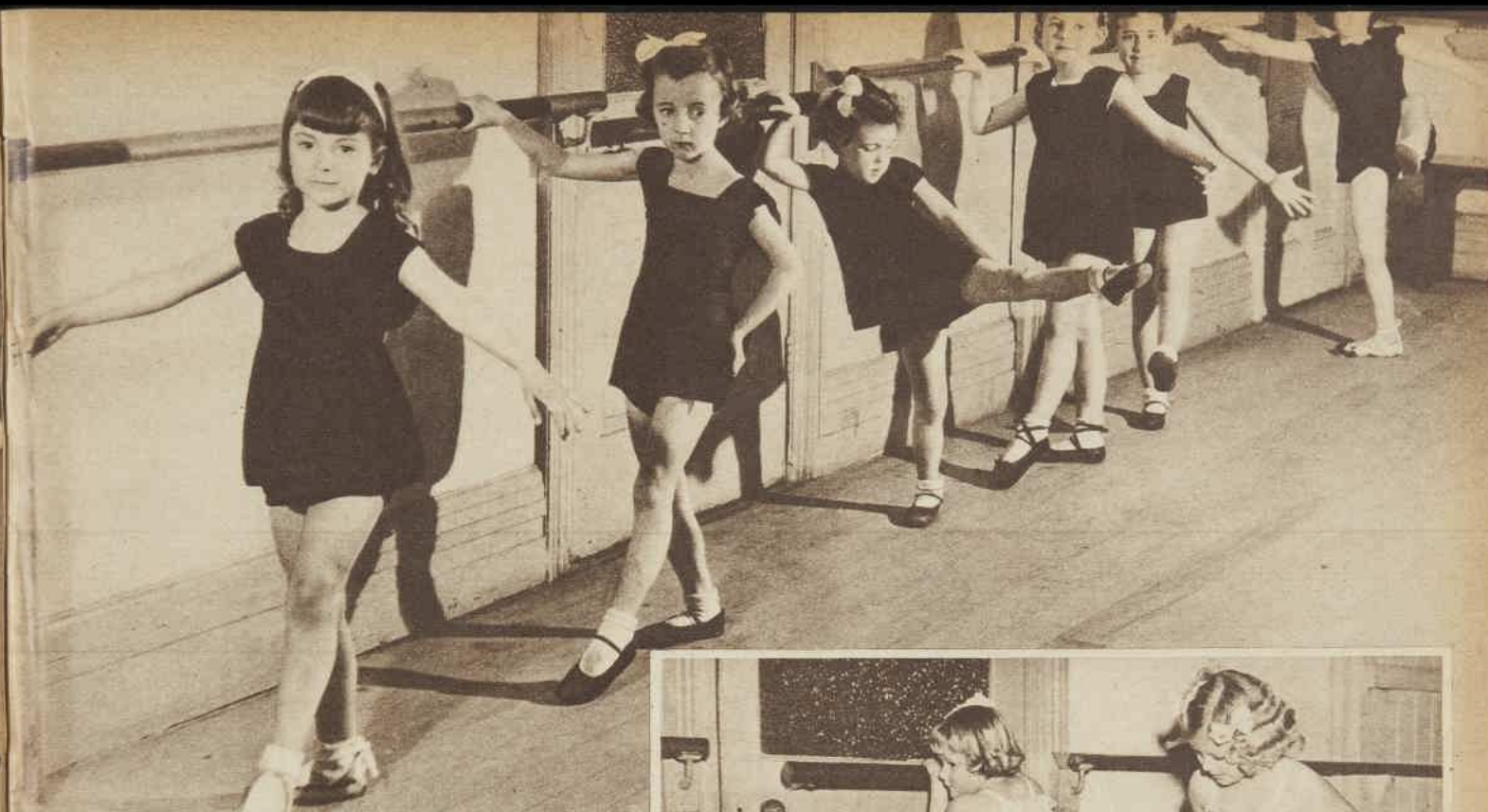


SENIOR STUDENT Barrie Walsh shows entranced girls' class a "tour en l'air," performed only by male dancers.

GRACEFUL AND EXPRESSIVE arm movements are important. In adaptations of classic tutu ballet dress, class shows "port de bras." Exercise gives balance.



BY the end of the year thousands of girls and hundreds of boys will have had their annual ballet examinations. These will have been conducted according to the rules and before judges of the Royal Academy of Dancing, London, the British Ballet Organisation, and the Imperial Ballet Society, Australia's three leading examining bodies. The pictures on these pages were taken at the studio of Estelle Anderson, Sydney ballet teacher.



AT BAR, pre-ballet class try their own version of a "pointe tendue." The exercise is used to stretch the instep and to tighten the thighs.

Baby Ballerinas



FACIAL EXPRESSIONS vary according to the mood of baby ballerinas, whose sense of the ethereal and romantic cannot be relied on.



CORRECT LEG POSITION for a "grand battement en arriere" is shown beginner Kay Owens by Lynette Smith and Jennifer Hampton, while they are waiting for the class to start.



BALLET TEACHER Estelle Anderson demonstrates as she talks to these girls of her school, who are now in their third year of training, and they take their ballet lessons very seriously.

LUCAS

—the way you like to look

... in the frocks you love to wear!

Floraloc and Everloc Frocks—cool, uncrushable treasures in the most wonderful new designs and colours. You'll find them at the best shops throughout Australia.



AMERICAN SUMMER

Simple, clean lines, interesting detail, and complete wearability are shown in these summer styles designed by Sophie, of Sak's, New York.



● A pale blue tulle scarf floats from a cluster of hydrangeas to soften the strapless bodice of a sky-blue jacquard tulle evening gown with large coin spots.



● Creamy beige tweed makes a classic summer coat with cuffed sleeves, and finely scrolled applique on the collar as its only trimming. It is cut to fit the figure snugly and its line is straight, simple, good.

● Cool and casual men's striped English shirting makes a morning frock with natural shoulder-line and deep scooped neck. Full skirt flares out from a very snug-fitting bodice.

● Perfect for informal dinners and summer dances, the frock, at left, is of flowered chiffon and has a low-cut neckline softened by ruffles.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 10, 1949

PARIS CALLS YOUR NUMBER!...



Soignée
French Mannequins
introduce the
Essential Cosmetic Wardrobe
SPRING FASHION DEMANDS

Paris makes a point of it... one cosmetic color is not enough. To see you through the Spring, three shades are imperative. Own just this trio and you own the counterpart in cosmetics for all shades in the fashion spotlight...

- No. 5** Numéro Cinq—a dazzling clear red—the one and only shade to wear with yellows, browns, reds, blacks.
- No. 8** Numéro Huit—a delicate cyclamen Pink, the authentic accent for pinks, blues, all pastels, greens.
- No. 12** Numéro Douze—an arresting true cyclamen to enhance cyclamen tones, white, and navy.

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Quillon Nail Enamel, 4/11
Paul Duval Salon Powder, 4/6
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Featured in frocks by "ADELYN", "ROSECROFT" and "COMMANDER"
or sold by the yard in all leading stores throughout Australia.

Pastor Niemoller's inspiring message of faith

"Word of God cannot be bound," says famous churchman

By AINSLIE BAKER, staff reporter

On the individual man and woman rests the responsibility of improving the world to-day, says Pastor Martin Niemoller, head of the German Evangelical Church, who is here on a "Faith Triumphant" campaign.

"As I see it," the Pastor said, "the world's great need to-day is not for an outstanding spiritual leader, or any new sweeping movement. The answer to to-day's need is to be found in the individual man and woman."

"EACH of us," he continued, "must find how to take care of his own soul. In doing that, we will respect others, and we shall become a better people living in a better world."

Pastor Niemoller is a slender, sensitive-faced man with the forehead of an intellectual giant, high, aesthetic cheekbones, and a mouth and chin of unflinching purpose. He was for eight years Nazism's hated and fearless prisoner, and is now a recognised world Christian leader.

Now 57 years old, he is making a 10-weeks evangelical tour of Australia and New Zealand, during which he will address 80 meetings. With him is his wife, who will speak to women on "Life Without Father."

The visit is being sponsored by The Open Air Campaigners (an interdenominational organisation) and the Council of Churches.

Tremendous audiences have been present at Pastor Niemoller's appearances to date. He has spoken to them quietly, untheatrically, with the stern but inspired self-discipline of the scholar and martyr.

With burning sincerity, this compelling preacher — who, with his clever, gaunt, pallid face, diplomat's polish and urbanity, would fit as easily into the foreground of a European embassy — delivers his message of faith.

Throughout his utterances runs the theme: "The word of God cannot be bound."

Martin Niemoller is no homely, village pulpit-thumper. He is a churchman of the finest type, exceedingly wise, learned, and cultured — a churchman-statesman, in whom years of personal suffering and persecution have made the flame of his faith burn so clearly and sharply that it shows through like a light.

He uses no popular tricks of crowd-pleasing. He needs none.

His audiences know themselves in the presence of a man who is the spiritual descendant of Martin Luther and other great church leaders of the past.

His experiences in Nazi concentration camps have left their mark on Martin Niemoller.

The loving care of his wife — never far from him — cannot save him from showing signs of fatigue and strain when too many people are crowding round him and exhausting him with questions.

Then his piercing brown eyes burn brighter, he becomes quicker in manner and more tense.

Old pains at the back of the head attack him at such moments.

You can see him exerting an iron self-discipline.

Pastor Niemoller's English is for the most part effortless and fluent. Sometimes he visually draws a word out of the air with delicate, veined hands. Just occasionally he uses a word out of its ordinary context. When he does, it is oddly effective and compelling.

When he is really stuck he appeals to his wife. Having got the word



PASTOR MARTIN NIEMOLLER, Hitler's enemy, now on a visit to Australia.

he wants, his face lights up. "You see, all I want is a little prompting. When I ask my wife it always works."

"The modern world is a test for Christianity," Pastor Niemoller said. "But even with its uncertainties, not too great a test."

Since his release, the Pastor's message to German Christians has been a call to repentance. He was largely responsible for the famous Stuttgart Declaration of Repentance in October, 1945.

"All true reformation must start from within," he said. "It is a matter of the spirit."

The man who is now concerned with the spiritual welfare of his country was once one of its wartime naval heroes.

Under his daring, adventurous command, one U-boat, in a 114-day voyage, sank 55,000 tons of Allied

shipping during World War I. The port of Marseilles was closed because of the young German commander's successful operations against French shipping.

After the war came a new phase in his development. Martin Niemoller began to seek his God.

His father was a Lutheran pastor. There were years of poverty and struggle ahead of him before he became one, too, in 1924.

But Martin Niemoller had found himself. At last he was doing the work he wanted and knew himself best fitted to do.

When Hitler came to power, the Nazis tried to silence the pastor who dared to preach against the Government's right to interfere with spiritual freedom.

When he preached, a Gestapo man with a notebook was sitting in the

congregation, his home was searched, his telephone tapped, and his letters opened. The persecution mounted until, three years later, Pastor Niemoller was summoned before Hitler.

That was the occasion of Pastor Niemoller's world-famous declaration: "Not you, Herr Hitler, but God is my Führer."

Pastor Niemoller emerged from eight years' imprisonment a changed man.

But from the slender body of a physically wasted and wrecked man, the fighter's spirit still shone out, unquenched, triumphant.

Pastor Niemoller has not forgotten how to smile. His smiles are rare but of great charm.

After making a controversial statement, he will put his head on one side, lift his eyebrows, and say, humorously, "Yes?"



CHARACTERISTIC studies of Pastor Niemoller above were taken while he was addressing a packed audience at a Sydney Methodist gathering.

Seeing him for the first time, you think at once: "This is the man in whose frail body the steady flame of faith burned when all about him was darkness. In him is the authentic material of which martyrs are made."

This is the message he brings:

"The quest of our century is the quest of man. Sometimes we forget that he is human, and should be allowed to live as a human. The troubles of the world and those in it can be solved by one thing, and one thing only — Christ and the Gospel."

Our Cover

OUR cover this week is a scene from our new serial, "Poison in the House," by A. E. Martin.

It shows Pelverson homestead, in the outback of Western Australia — the main setting of the story — when Reff Steen brings home the young actress who, he plans, will inherit the property.

In his research for his illustrations for this serial, artist Ron Laskie studied magazine and newspaper photographs of clothes, houses, and furnishings of 50 years ago at the Mitchell Library, Sydney.

Editorial

SEPTEMBER 10, 1942

DOLLARS AND DRIPPING

HEADLINES emphasise that U.S. dollars are Britain's greatest need; and at the conference in Washington this week talks on a nation-to-nation basis will begin to thrash out this tremendous problem.

The average woman finds the complexities of dollar pools, sterling devaluation, and gold reserves too difficult to follow.

But if her mind boggles at this, her heart—and her stomach—reminds her that on a person-to-person basis she can help by a contribution to some British meal.

A letter just received here from a small girl in England says: "We were lucky this week. We got a rabbit—the first we've had for months."

Australians have it in their power to make plenty of English families feel "lucky" this Christmas.

Every tin of meat, pound of sugar, packet of dried fruits, or tin of dripping is as good as U.S. dollars in England now. Such things serve both as bodily nourishment and spiritual encouragement.

Anywhere in Australia, anybody can walk into any bank, and, by the simple action of filling in a form and paying 10/-, send a food parcel to anyone in Britain they choose.

Most grocery stores and departments have standard parcels which are sent with the same minimum of trouble, while real enthusiasts choose and pack with loving care the particular items they know will be most welcome.

There are fifteen weeks to Christmas. Think of England now before the time comes to be busy with the family gift lists.

MARY ANNE CLARKE: Duke's darling

IF you asked anyone to-day "Who was Mary Anne Clarke?" it's only an even chance you'd get the answer pat—for history text books have given her scant notice.

Mrs. Clarke belongs to the gossip of history.

A little more than a hundred years ago, everyone from earls to errand boys discussed Mary Anne Clarke, and London rang with the story of this pretty, clever, and unscrupulous woman.

She was the mistress of Frederick Augustus, Duke of York, the second son of George III.

When her protector, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Army, found he was no longer able to keep her in the style to which she had become accustomed, she sold Army commissions, for which she obtained the Duke's signature.

This infamous traffic was exposed in the House of Commons. The inquiry gave Mary Anne a splendid opportunity for displaying her Paris gowns and sparkling wit, and provided the House with one of the liveliest and best-attended sessions in its entire history.

Mrs. Clarke's origins were obscure. She was born in Bowl and Pin Alley, off Chancery Lane, one of the many side streets of 18th-century London with attractive names but doubtful reputations.

At 18 Mary Anne married a stone-mason. However, Mr. Clarke disappears from the picture very quickly. After discarding her husband, she became friendly with a series of progressively more important persons before she aspired to Royalty.

The Duke and Mary Anne met in 1805, when she was more than 30. She was blessed with both brains and beauty. She was described by a contemporary as possessing "dazzling dark eyes, beaming with irresistible archness," with a "skin delicately fair without being of a dead white; a sufficient color adorning her cheek."

Her chief attractions, however, were her lively wit in conversation and gay manner.

Mrs. Clarke described herself as an actress, but there are no details of her appearances, apart from those in the House of Commons, which were sensationally successful.

For some obscure reason, Frederick was always the family favorite, both with his parents and with his eight sisters.

He was the only one who, according to the despotic George III, made a suitable marriage. In 1791, he married Frederica, a simple and carefully brought up Prussian princess.

Their union was childless, but it was not an entirely unhappy marriage, although a husband incurably faithless, a confirmed drunkard, and an inveterate gambler could hardly be considered a prize, even by a docile German princess.

The Duke was also perpetually



CARTOON printed 1809 entitled "The Triumvirate of Gloucester Place," or "The Clarke, the Soldier, and the Taylor," depicting Mrs. Clarke (at right) persuading the Duke into signing military commissions. "The Taylor" was Miss Taylor, a friend of Mrs. Clarke.

embarrassed financially. In fact, until the Clarke scandal broke in 1809, his troubles were mainly connected with money.

With a flair for strategy which his father hoped in vain he would display on the battlefield, Frederick avoided the shoals and shallows of youthful scandal, only to go off the deep end completely at 42.

He was not without courage or brains, although as a military leader the "mighty Duke of York" was a misfit. In the field of Army administration he was much more successful.

When Mary Anne became friendly with the Duke he promised her an allowance of £1000 a year. She accordingly set up an elaborate establishment in Gloucester Place. It is recorded that she kept two carriages, eight horses, a butler, coachman, postilion, groom, cook, gardener, and two footmen.

At first the "Doctor," as Mary Anne affectionately dubbed the Duke, was extravagantly devoted to her and could not bear to be separated from her even for a week-end. He rented a house for her near

supply her with money she didn't flinch—for Mary Anne knew that Frederick's friendship was still an asset, and she began to use it.

Accordingly, she began to sell Army commissions; that is, for a substantial sum of money—as high as £2000 in some cases—she promised to obtain the Duke's approval for commissions.

The Duke still visited Gloucester Place, and, cajoled into a benign mood by the charming Mary Anne, signed the necessary documents.

Matters had seemingly been resolved to the satisfaction of all parties. The Duke was able to devote his chief attentions to his new love, Mrs. Cary. Mrs. Clarke had an apparently perpetual income.

Then, on January 27, 1809, Colonel Gwyllum Wardle, Radical member for Okehampton, rose in the House of Commons and attacked the Duke. He made eight charges of abuse of military patronage.

A Commission of Inquiry was appointed, and the Government undertook to defend the Duke.

There were two theories about Wardle's part in the Clarke affair.

The first was that he was the Duke's successor in Mary Anne's affections, that he benefited from the sale of Army commissions, and exposed the Duke through jealous spite. The second theory was that his acquaintance with Mary Anne was slight, and that he was prompted solely by political ambition.

Wardle was not an admirable character, but subsequent happenings lend weight to the second theory.

The inquiry in the House of Commons lasted seven weeks, in which time every prominent member of the House delivered his judgment.

The Duke was believed by most responsible people to be innocent of corruption, and no real evidence was produced against him.

It could not even be argued against him that the sale of commissions had affected the efficiency of the armed forces. The Duke of

FAMOUS WOMEN

Wellington wrote a letter to the Speaker, stating his belief that the Duke had had nothing to do with the corruption.

The evidence against Mrs. Clarke was overwhelming. Time and time again it was proved that she had taken money to procure the Duke's signature to a promotion.

To show just how extensive Mrs. Clarke's transactions were, one witness produced a copy of a very business-like statement of her tariffs, which she had presented to a certain Colonel French.

It set out the following fees:
For a Majority £900
Company £700
Lieutenancy £400
Ensigncy £200

Other evidence produced showed that she had extended her province to the Church. An aspirant to a bishopric named Dr. O'Meara had paid her for the privilege of preaching before Royalty. When he achieved this ambition, it was recorded that he spoke with great eloquence on "universal benevolence."

The House, however, was not so interested in the extent of Mrs. Clarke's enterprise as in the Duke's part in it.

Most witnesses said Mrs. Clarke had stressed that the Duke must not be informed that she had accepted money to procure promotions.

One person, Miss Mary Ann Taylor, a close friend of Mrs. Clarke, told a different tale.

She stated that at dinner one night at Gloucester Place, the Duke said: "Colonel French continually worries me about the levy business and is always wanting something more in his own favor. How does he behave to you, darling?" To this Mrs. Clarke replied: "Middling," and the Duke went on: "Master French must mind what he's about or I shall cut him up and his levy, too."

However, Miss Taylor, whose reputation was poor, to say the least, was not accepted as reliable.

Continued on page 23

Strapless swimsuits well tested

STRAPLESS swimsuits will make a sink-or-swim bid for popularity on Australian beaches this summer.

Designers, using new stiffening materials and cutting methods, have evolved new costumes, and tested them on shivering models in the boisterous winter seas.

They claim they have achieved 100 per cent. security—in anything less than a tidal wave. They're confident the girls will wear them.

In previous seasons most Australian girls have been reluctant to trust to suits with no visible means of support.

But the tiniest shoulder-strap leaves pale untanned strips that show up in evening dresses and even day frocks.

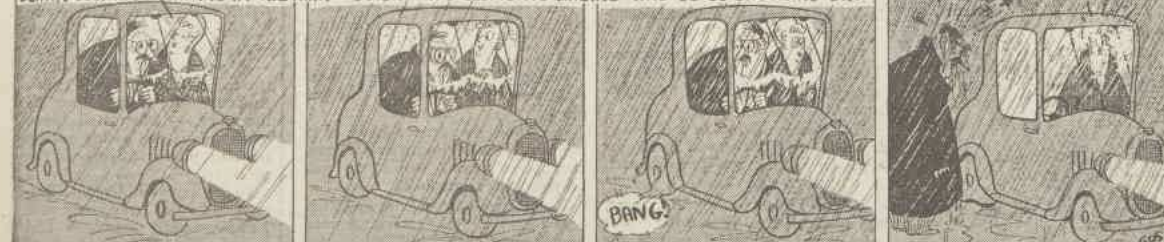
That is why the swimsuit designers have persevered.

Pictures of some of the most vivid new designs are published in full color in A.M. for September, now on sale.

A.M. is the magazine for men and women. Price is 1/-.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

DEAR, I JUST ADORE DRIVING IN THE RAIN—OUTSIDE THE ELEMENTS RAGING—AND US SO SNUG AND DRY—



Bu GUS



WED AT SPANISH PLACE, LONDON. Lieut.-Commander Robert Clutterbuck, D.S.O., and his bride, formerly Suzanne du Boise, daughter of Mrs. Arthur du Boise, of Rose Bay. Bridesmaids were both Australian girls, Anne Lysaght, of Sydney, and Ursula Collins, of Tasmania.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Lieut.-Commander Tony Reynolds, R.N., and his bride, formerly Anne Buckingham, daughter of Mr. Bill Buckingham, of Pymble, and the late Mrs. Buckingham, cut cake at reception at Royal Naval Barracks, Devonport, England. Bridesmaid, Doris Milton, of Guilford, Surrey, England, cousin of the bride.



ARCH OF STEEL. Lieut. David Jeans, R.N., and his bride, formerly Sylvia Mary Williams, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Williams, of Turramurra, leave St. Xavier's Church, London. David is son of Mrs. Jeans, of Hertfordshire, and the late Commander Jeans.



COUNTRY BRIDE. Mrs. Bob Crossin leaves St. David's Church, Lindfield, with her husband, Brian Lindeman, formerly Diana Lindeman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Lindeman, of Noonal, Quirindi.

Intimate Gossipings

GREAT plans in progress for grand Golden Anniversary celebration at Yass Lawn Tennis Club. Buffet supper party will be held at clubhouse on September 17, and invitations have been sent near and far to gather members together.

Secretary of the club, Marjorie Stewart, and Joan Kelly have been working like beavers trying to locate members who haven't been at club for years. One of the foundation members, Mr. T. A. Alkin, now of Goulburn, will be present at party. Miss Kitty English, daughter of the first president, Dr. J. English, will attend.

Other well-known identities of club, Mr. Love, a past president, and Mrs. Ida Robertson, who was secretary for many years, will also be present.

President of the club, Mr. Peter Milson, of Laverstock, Yass, and his wife will receive the guests, and during the evening a two-tier birthday cake, made by Marjorie Stewart's mother, Mrs. Hugh Stewart, of Yass, will be cut and handed around.

FLAT in Armadale, Victoria, for recently married Murray Jackson and his bride, formerly Jill Robinson, after motoring honeymoon in New South Wales. They were married at St. John's Church, Gundagai, with reception at station home of bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Robinson, "Kimo," Gundagai. Murray is son of Mrs. J. M. Jackson, of St. Kilda Road, and of the late Mr. F. E. Jackson.



SHIPBOARD PARTY. Sisters Lorraine and Valerie Beadle with Lieut. Keith Kelly, of H.M.A.S. Sydney, were guests of Rear-Admiral H. B. Farnecomb at party aboard Sydney.



SHOWING FILMS. Sheila Bedi, daughter of the High Commissioner for India, and Lieut. M. G. Peckey, R.A.N., show films at party held in celebration of anniversary of India's independence.



NEWLYWEDS. Michael and Dinah Cadell dance at Prince's after their marriage and reception at Pickwick Club. Dinah is daughter of Dr. James Grey, of Whitby, England.



INTERSTATE INTEREST. Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Roe snapped at party at home of Mrs. Roe's parents, Sir Norman and Lady Brookes, Melbourne, who entertain in their honor. Elaine and husband, who have home in Regent's Park, London, also visit Sydney and Adelaide.

WEDDING whirl for Diana Storey and Ralph Von Kohorn, son of Baron and Baroness Von Kohorn zu Kornegg, includes two wedding receptions. The first is for 200 guests at the Australia Hotel, Melbourne, following their marriage at St. John's, Toorak, and second celebration is gala party next day for Sydney friends at home of Dr. and Mrs. Frank Hansman at Vaucluse. Diana's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Storey, formerly of Sydney, now living in Melbourne, fly to Sydney to be present. From Sydney, Diana and Ralph will go by air to Cairo, and later visit south of France and London, where they will be greeted by Ralph's parents. Four-some will board Queen Elizabeth for home in New York at end of September. Bride chooses all-white wedding, quartet of pretty bridesmaids, Rhonda Lane, Faye Dougherty, Joyce Bianchi, Marjorie Collard, wearing mangolia satin on classical lines.

HONEYMOON in Tasmania for Mr. and Mrs. John Pitman, who were married recently in Mangindi. Bride is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Oak Lewis.

INTERSTATE interest in engagement of Shirley Eldridge, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Eldridge, of Ainslie, Canberra, and Jack Robertson, younger son of the W. Robertsons, of Torquay, Queensland. Shirley, who wears lovely sapphire and diamond engagement ring, is chemistry grad. of Sydney Tech. and Jack has his diploma from Graton Agricultural College, Queensland. Both work at C.S.I.R. Shirley is in the drug section and experiments with opium in poppies, while Jack is engaged on research in the eradication of weeds. Couple aren't being married for a while until they find somewhere to live. They hope to settle in Canberra.

ROUND of farewells for Mrs. G. Maddrell before she leaves by B.C.P.A. for trip to America to visit her daughter, Joyce, Mrs. R. E. Gennett, and her husband, Major Gennett, who is stationed with the Army at Fort Lincoln. Mrs. Maddrell's other daughter, Mrs. John McHarg, and her mother-in-law, Mrs. Douglas McHarg, give big farewell party, which continues through the afternoon and on into the evening before Mrs. Maddrell leaves. Mrs. Maddrell expects to be away six months.

NEWS on the baby front: John and Sheila McNamara, of Lilyfield, Victoria, have baby son, Patrick. Sheila, who will be remembered in Sydney as Sheila Lloyd Patrick, has two little girls, Mignon and Gail, aged 11 and 10. . . . Owen and Beatrice Graham, of Eastwood, have baby son, Gerry Robert. . . . Johnny and Dinah Fuller call their baby daughter Carolyn Ann. . . . Ildyce and Roger Pike, of Cooma, name their son Roger Jon.

DATES for your diary: Orchid Exhibition, arranged by Mr. John Bissett, at Empress Rooms, Mark Foy's, this Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday in aid of Rachel Foster Hospital. . . . "You're Lovely Madame" Fashion Parade to be held at Prince's this Wednesday and Thursday in aid of Deaf, Dumb, and Blind Children. . . . Sydney University Pharmaceutical Association's Annual Ball at Union Refectory this Friday. . . . Comic Strip dance to be held at White City for Spastic Centre on September 16. . . . Dominion Day Ball, organised by New Zealand Club of Sydney, to be held at Wentworth Hotel on September 24. Proceeds for Eventide Homes, at Plasto Park.

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Authorised by D. M. Cleland, 30 Ash St., Sydney.

PL29-49



LOUIS, popular French chef at Prince's Restaurant, Sydney, tastes sauce for Chicken à la Capitan, made from recipe in our new publication, "Cookery for Parties," pronounces it "first rate!"

Chefs praise new cookery book

Two well-known chefs, accustomed to catering for all kinds of big gatherings, are enthusiastic in their approval of The Australian Women's Weekly book, "Cookery for Parties," now on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls for 2/- a copy.

Louis Olieric, chef at Prince's Restaurant, Sydney, since 1938, described it as "perfectly streamlined," and William Bates, who has been head chef at the Australia Hotel, Sydney, for 20 years, agreed with him.

A HOST or hostess following the details in this book couldn't go wrong," declared Mr. Bates. "It provides for every kind of party, and prevents waste caused by buying in the dark."

Louis Olieric, who found several of his favorite recipes in the book, feels he is in a position to comment on the detailed plan for a twenty-first birthday party because he has been host at similar parties in his Sydney home during the past three years.

"My children are now aged 23, 22, and 21, and I gave them each a party when they achieved their majority," he said.

"Naturally, it is not difficult for me to organise a party—that's more or less my trade—but I gave each party a fair amount of thought, and my preparations tallied pretty much with the details in this book."

William Bates thinks all the recipes in the book are suitable for any kitchen, whether big or small.

French chefs Paul Cugola, of Menzies Hotel, and Alexander Chevenier, of the Hotel Australia,

WILLIAM BATES, chef at Australia Hotel, Sydney, stirs Bechamel Sauce, made according to a recipe from "Cookery for Parties."

Melbourne, hail "Cookery for Parties" as a textbook which will raise the standard of Australian cookery.

They say that besides featuring classic menus, the details of the attractive presentation of dishes will be a tremendous help to hostesses.

Paul Cugola disagrees with the view that Australians like only simple, orthodox food.

Chef Chevenier thinks it would be hard to improve on the party dishes in our book for home entertaining.

"They are so pleasing to the eye," he said enthusiastically.

"Even when ze stomach says NO, if ze eyes say YES guests enjoy the meal and ave a 'appy time."

He sums up the Party Book as "a delightful surprise." The recipes are interesting; they have all the professional touches in presentation, and yet are short and easy to prepare.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 10, 1940

Viennese singer's romance

Plans cottage in Switzerland and London studio

By
HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

CHARMING portrait of Viennese soprano Elisabeth Schwarzkopf.



Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, the Viennese soprano now touring Australia, who has announced her engagement to English music authority Walter Legge, says her fiance does not permit love to influence his judgment in musical matters.

"Walter has the real outlook on art," she said. "He is disgusted with people who accept the mediocre."

WALTER LEGGE is musical director of the Gramophone Co. Ltd., and the Columbia Graphophone Co. Ltd., London.

"His insistence on perfection applies to him even though he's in love," Miss Schwarzkopf added. "When I sing for him I find it simply exhausting, because he always wants perfection. Once, after two hours' recording for him, I felt dead, for he had drawn the last bit of heart out of my singing."

"As Walter speaks German, French, and Italian, he is able to tell us exactly what he wants. His German is so good that he is able to give a German a true understanding of his own language."

"I remember he once said to me, 'You think about that word in the song!' Then he made me say the word 50 times, in many different ways. I'll never, never forget the word, which was 'schon,' meaning beautiful."

Walter Legge, formerly music critic on the "Manchester Guardian" and manager of Covent Garden with Sir Thomas Beecham in 1938, joined E.N.S.A. when war began.

With headquarters at Drury Lane Theatre, he organised gramophone recitals of good music for the troops, and once played the music of a whole opera to people sheltering from an air-raid in one of London's underground stations.

Of her fiance Miss Schwarzkopf says: "Walter is nine years older than I and a head taller, which I think is just right. I am 164 centimetres tall, but I couldn't possibly

work that out in inches and feet." (Her height is five feet four and a half inches.)

"Walter has black hair which is beginning to go grey and wears thick glasses."

Miss Schwarzkopf's fiance travels from country to country in Europe arranging recordings. On one of these tours after the war he went to Austria searching for new talent, and brought back a crop of singers, one of whom was Elisabeth.

"At that time I was nothing to him but a young singer," said Miss Schwarzkopf. "In Vienna he heard me singing, and I knew nothing about him at all. The first thing I heard was from his secretary, who offered me a contract."

"I sent back a message saying that he hadn't heard me sing (although I know now that he had) and he might not want me. He'd

Wants aquamarine ring

'be getting a cat in the sack,' as we say at home."

"It took some courage to knock back the contract, but he arranged to hear me, and then said, 'I stick to the contract,' after hearing me sing some lieder and arias."

At the moment Walter Legge lives in a London flat only 10 minutes from the place where he works.

"You can hardly get into the flat for thousands of gramophone records and scores," said Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, "but there's one comfort, I'll never have to buy any more scores, for Walter is sure to have them."

Once it became known that Walter Legge had proposed by telephone from London, Sydney audiences took

an even greater interest in the soprano.

"Plenty of people have congratulated me," she told me, "and I hear Walter has been coping with congratulations, too."

"Poor man, if he only knew how difficult it is to cope with a singer in the house. My mother could tell him what it's like, so personally I'm not going to congratulate him too much."

"I've no engagement ring yet," Elisabeth said, "but when I am given one I rather hope that the stone is an aquamarine. I'm very fond of them. I would like to be a white bride, but I must ask Walter first. And there won't be any singing at our wedding, for I'm sure I wouldn't enjoy it."

As a house planner Elisabeth Schwarzkopf has very definite ideas.

"First of all, we'll have to have a studio in London," she said. "I'd like it to have plenty of good old furniture, but I want a kitchen and bathroom as modern as can be, all glittering in green, I think."

Her pet project, however, is a house in Switzerland. Switzerland is Miss Schwarzkopf's favorite country. Being a fine mountain climber, she wants to go on with that sport, but, apart from that, she thinks Swiss villages beautiful with the old houses made of wood with their steeply slanting roofs. She loves the bright flowers in window-boxes and the way the lamp-posts in the cities have hanging flowers trailing from them.

She and Mr. Legge think that such a home would have to be furnished in a homely Swiss style.

"Wooden chairs, bright chintzes for the most part," Miss Schwarzkopf said, "with a very few pieces of old Viennese baroque furniture."

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf hopes that she will have children when she is married.

"I am sure I will be able to keep up my career and look after children," she said. "What worries me is the thought of having to leave the children at home while I must go off and give concerts. If I had a child I would want him to be with me."

Miss Schwarzkopf's hotel room was massed with letters, telegrams, and flowers.

"I hope that the violets last a long time, because they are my favorites," Miss Schwarzkopf said.

"I call them Viennese violets," she said with that smile that entrances her concert audiences, "because they remind me very vividly of the Viennese woods, where violets simply grow wild."



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Father Always Tells the Truth

Continued from page 4

ON the day of the party mother was ready to stay home. "It's more trouble than it's worth," she said. "Annie can't come to stay with the baby, and I'll have to keep him up from his afternoon sleep, so he'll go to sleep early to-night. I'll have to get him fed and to bed and asleep before this woman comes or he'll scream his head off. You know how he is with strangers."

Father said, "Well, I suppose you could tell them that."

"No, I can't," mother said. "They got this woman for me when Annie couldn't come. They'd think it sounded pretty weak, and Dorothy thinks my children are spoiled enough anyway. I couldn't tell them that. I could tell them I was sick, or that your uncle came in unexpectedly. How would that be?"

"Terrible," father said. "Of course not. You can get the baby to bed all right, and if not, let him scream."

The way it turned out, they let him scream. He was screaming when we left.

Mother hated to leave him, but father said, "He'll stop the minute we're gone, probably. Come on and forget all about it."

Mother took a few minutes to put on her new hat, and she pulled her old coat down to make it as long as she could, like they wear them now, and we met the others and went to this place to eat, and mother seemed to be having fun after all.

She looked almost as pretty as Rita, and father reached across the table and patted her hand and said, "We should do this often."

And Rita said, "I can't take my eyes off that hat! Is that the one you wanted me to try that night? Why, I'd give my eye-teeth just to wear it in a photograph."

"I'm glad you like it," mother said.

"I love it!" Rita said. I looked at her hard, but she didn't look green, so I guessed she didn't know the hat had a name.

"When you've finished with it, remember me," she said.

It was exciting at the radio broadcast. Things I never new they did. They held up signs when you could laugh and when you could clap.

And there were so many people, it didn't hardly seem possible that father would get chosen. But he did!

They asked father some questions, and I know father knew the answers, but they hardly let him get started when they suddenly said he was wrong so he had to do this thing.

They took him out somewhere and then this is what they did: They brought some money and they said, "Are you his wife?" and mother said she was, and they gave her the money and told her to put it in her purse and hold it for them.

Then they brought father back into the room and they said, "Now, this is what you have to do. You pick out the woman in this room that you honestly think is the prettiest and ask her to give to you to keep what we gave to her to hold."

They had said "Honestly" to father, so he was being very careful. He looked all around the room, and his face looked as if he was trying terribly hard to do it right, and it was very quiet, only some women laughing a little when father looked at them and Rupert Dodds saying, "Come, come, now, it shouldn't be so hard."

Then father started over towards us and I had to keep my mouth shut hard to keep from yelling to him, and mother still looked that funny way. And father went over and picked up Rita's hand.

"Here she is," he said.

The people just went wild, and Rupert Dodds was talking like mad, but we couldn't hear him, and mother looked just the same as she did, just looking straight ahead with that funny look on her face.

When people quietened down

enough for him to be heard, Rupert Dodds said to father, "Well, sir, do you know what you have just done? You have thrown away one hundred cash. Yes, sir. We had given it to your wife to hold. If you had picked her, she would have given it to you to keep."

Father said, "But you told me to pick the one I honestly thought the prettiest. My wife isn't the prettiest, Rita is."

People just howled. The radio-man really was stumped. He didn't know what to do next, I suppose. It wasn't working out the way he thought it would.

The people were very noisy, and now Rupert Dodds held up his hand and asked them to be quiet and he said, "Let's let this man get out of this, if he can."

"My wife used to be very pretty," father said, and I could see he felt terrible. "She isn't so young any more," he said. "She's had three children and does all the house-work."

"You mean," the man said, "that say fifteen years ago your wife would have been your choice, but now she has worked so hard that she is not, in your estimation, the most beautiful?"

"Oh, no!" father said. "I didn't say that. You didn't say 'beautiful.' You said 'pretty.' Beautiful has more to it. Work or age doesn't have anything to do with beautiful. Young girls are always prettier. That's the way Nature planned it. Why, it would be terrible if they weren't."

"It would?" Rupert Dodds said and I could tell he was making fun of father again.

BUT father was not put out.

"Of course it would!" he said, and he was talking right up to the man now. "If they weren't they'd never get married. Men wouldn't ever choose young girls if they weren't any prettier than older women, because the older women are so much more attractive in every other way. If they were just as pretty, too, it wouldn't be fair."

Well, I don't know much about women, so how could I know that father had said a wise thing? I put my head down between my shoulders and waited for them to laugh again. But there wasn't a sound.

Except in a minute, Rupert Dodds said, "You certainly have something there. I think maybe this man is the most truthful one we've ever had on this programme. Where's that money?" he said to mother, and she handed it over.

"I think he deserves it after all, don't you?" he said, and the people all cheered, and when it had quietened down he said, "You know, I think someone else here deserves a prize, and that's the woman who made him think that," and he gave mother some more money! "You don't have to answer any questions to get this," he told her, "you've already won it; but if you care to tell, why did you marry this man?"

Mother twinkled. "Oh, lots of reasons," she said. "More than I could possibly tell, but one was that he's so honest. He always tells the whole truth."

A few days later I heard mother talking to Rita.

"A hat like this couldn't ever be a cast-off, could it, Rita," she said, "so I couldn't insult you by giving it to you, could I?"

"Insult me!" Rita said.

"I've finished with it," mother said. "You take it." And she took it off and handed it to Rita. And Rita let out this little squeal, and I knew she had seen that the hat had a name.

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TEENA

By
HILDA TERRY
Dietitian



MRS. CLARKE:

Continued from page 18

MRS. CLARKE herself won the admiration of the House. The aplomb with which she faced the 600 members, and the skill and wit with which she answered the endless questions put to her, made her the envy of many political aspirants.

On one occasion, when she was recalled before the House for further questioning, she was asked whether she had been talking to Dr. Thynne, her physician, on an important question while she was waiting in the lobby.

She admitted she had, but when pressed for the subject of their talk she dipped her head and murmured, "I cannot tell you, because it is indelicate. He has merely been laughing at the Parliamentary gentlemen."

Mrs. Clarke was very much on her dignity before the House, at one stage complaining that the Sergeant-at-Arms' attitude was not so respectful as it might be.

Towards the end of the long hearing she declared she was exhausted, and begged to be given a chair.

Characteristically she managed to extract some profit from the occasion, for one admirer during the hearing pressed a note into her hand, reading "Three hundred guineas and supper with me to-night."

When the vote was taken it went 278-195, a majority of 82 in favor of the Duke. Nevertheless, he resigned.

The personal disclosures of the hearing and the ridicule which had been heaped upon his head left no other course open to him.

His love-letters to Mrs. Clarke had been read out to an amused House of Commons. Children in the streets took to calling "Duke or Darling" instead of "Heads or Tails" when they tossed a coin.

The Duke had been innocent of corruption, but he had been glib and careless. How had he imagined Mary Anne was maintaining an expensive establishment at Gloucester Place on £400 a year (the sum fixed for her allowance when she was superseded by Mrs. Cary)?

He bore his disgrace with dignity.

Long before this date the Duchess of York had separated from her husband and gone to live at Oatlands, where she maintained a household of 40 dogs and a number of monkeys.

However, hearing of his disgrace, she rejoined the Duke and made several public appearances with him.

With the resignation of the Duke, the last had still not been heard of the sorry affair.

Later in 1800, an upholsterer brought an action against Colonel Wardle for the cost of furnishing a house for Mrs. Clarke.

• If you want to read more about Mrs. Clarke and the times she lived in, Paul Emden's "Regency Pageant" and Roger Fulford's "Royal Dukes" both tell the story.

It was clear that Mrs. Clarke had been heavily bribed by Wardle to furnish evidence against the Duke.

The next year Mrs. Clarke published her book, "The Rival Princess," which was such a confusion of blatant lies and wild accusations that no reliance was placed on it.

At any rate, its publication did not affect the Duke's cause, for the following year he was reappointed Commander-in-Chief.

Mary Anne's last attempt to turn a dishonest penny for herself was some years later when she obtained a considerable sum from the Duke of York to withhold the publication of numerous letters he had written to her.

She died at Boulogne on June 21, 1852.

Compared with the dignified Mrs. Maria Fitzherbert, mistress of the Prince Regent, the prim and parsimonious Madame St. Laurent, whose liaison with the Duke of Kent lasted for 27 years, and the domesticated and prolific Mrs. Jordan, whose union with the Duke of Clarence produced to children, Mary Anne seems a cheap little adventuress.

Nonetheless, her gay and courageous personality compels attention, and her business acumen wins a sort of admiration.

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Canasta—new card game is rummier than rummy . . .

Though Canasta may sound like the latest Samba to you, to me and three of my friends it means a good deal more. For Canasta, a card game which originated in South America, has now crossed the Pacific and penetrated to Sydney.

Our four, we claim, had the first game of Canasta ever played in Australia. And—what a game!

ITS reputation came ahead of it, with comments from American newspapers. We read them avidly.

"Canasta combines the deception of poker, the science of bridge, the competition of gin rummy . . . If you love your neighbor, don't play Canasta with him . . . Doctors warn cardiac patients and expectant mothers to stay away from the game . . . Psychiatrists love this game—it produces so many patients!"

Canasta, continued the newspapers, has been taught in department stores and over television sets, is played by Dwight Eisenhower, Clifton Webb, and Louis Jourdan, who apparently lay the rules up and digest them. So, timidly, we tried to do the same.

The object of the game was to enable me to write a brief, simple explanation of Canasta for our readers.

With two packs of borrowed cards, a table in front of us, we sat down to scan the rules.

"First played in Montevideo, Uruguay . . . has grown like a snowball in America," said the merciless little book, adding that "It's no use learning to take off in an airplane if you don't also learn to land the contraption; Canasta is not too different; know all the rules first."

A quick glance told us that the rules filled 19 closely printed pages of the book, including details on some obscure thing called The Meld, on Red and Black Treys, Wild Cards, and a thing that looked like an equation in algebra.

"In making an initial meld (that

word again), it is permissible to meld as many combinations as desired. Good strategy, however, dictates that the player hold these to a minimum. For example: A-A-joker equals 60 points; 3-5-5-5-2 plus 10-10-10-2 equals the same number of points, as does also Q-Q-Q plus K-K-K plus J-J-J."

Having tried to work that out for 10 minutes, we became reckless and decided to forget the maxim "know all the rules first" and to plunge straight in.

The first move was comparatively easy. Someone shuffled the cards, and we cut for partners. Person with the highest card dealt. I was that person; the others were Pat, Pam, and June.

Most of us had played rummy, on which Canasta is supposed to be based.

"Each player is dealt 11 cards, one at a time," said the instructions, so I did that.

"Now what?" said June, rather belligerently, I thought.

"Look at them," I replied succinctly, sorting mine out into groups of a kind.

Pam said rather gently: "What is a canasta, anyway?"

"Um-um-er," I mumbled, flicking over pages to page 17.

"A canasta," I read, "or basket, is composed of seven cards of the same rank, seven fours, seven jacks, etc. Oh, easy! All we've got to do is collect seven cards of a kind and presto, caramba, canasta!"

At which someone mumbled that there was no need to go quite so Latin.

Passing the book of rules rapidly

By HELEN FRIZELL,
staff reporter

around the table, we learnt that "red treys (they are bonus cards) must be laid on table."

With slight hesitation we plunked red threes in front of us.

In the middle of the table were the undealt cards, turned face down in a neat pile, with one single up-turned card placed beside them. Just like rummy, we agreed, taking cards from the undealt cards (or stock pile) to replace the red treys.

"Isn't anybody going to meld?" I asked hesitantly. "Just a tick and I'll tell you about melding."

A meld is a set of three cards of the same rank, I learned.

(Came the chorus: Just like rummy!)

But not at all, according to a horrible little set of numbers showing the scores on which the value of a meld depends.

"Have I a meld?" asked someone.

I lit a cigarette, stared at another table below the first:

Jokers	50 points
Deuces	20 points
Aces	20 points
Eight spot through	
King	10 points

Black trey through 7 spot.

"I have a meld," shrieked June's voice, totting up the table. "Three threes at five points each equals 15."

"All right then," the rest of us said tersely, as June smashed her cards on the table.

"Now then," Pam said, "remember what the book said about not playing cards with your friends and neighbors." We proceeded to slap down useless cards and pick still more useless cards from the stock pile.

This went on for a quarter of an hour, when I suddenly remembered a basic point. "Did I tell you jokers



WINNING HAND AT CANASTA for player sitting at left. Her score: 100 for game, 500 for natural canasta of sixes, 600 for two mixed canastas, 300 for red treys, 500 for cards' point value.

and twos are wild cards, they can be used to make up a canasta instead of an ordinary card? Did I?"

Pat, I suddenly discovered, wasn't at the table any longer. She was putting on fresh lipstick by the mirror. "Sorry," she said, "but it's lunchtime, and I've got to do some shopping." She vanished. The air was thunderous.

"Wait for us, please," called Pam and June, heading for the lift. I was left, quite alone, thinking that per-

haps we'd better give Canasta another try.

But there were only two doubts I had about it.

(a) Whom would I get to make a four?

(b) Did "the future" mean "manana," the Spanish for the tomorrow that never comes.

P.S.—But no, to-morrow will come. I have arranged another four—with strong coffee and aspirin to follow.

Whichever type you need

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HAZEL



BUTCH



It seems to me . . .

ARCHITECTS these days are emphasising the kitchen as a living-room as well as work-room.

I know one who has built his own house with a big sunny kitchen, including a divan on which his wife can rest between cooking chores.

He is evidently right up to the minute in kitchen thought. In fact, American architect Harvey Wiley Corbett recently described the ideal kitchen as complete with fireplace, magazine-racks, and flowers, because, he says, "people tend to gather and talk in the kitchen."

He's telling us! Ever tried to get to the stove or refrigerator while a party's going? A kitchenette, built for one, always holds at least three men at parties and two more chattering the doorway.

No matter how large the kitchen, I'm afraid the boys would still lean against the stove or put their heads in the refrigerator when telling stories.

I think these notions of the kitchen-living-room are wonderful for the right temperament. Personally, when cooking a meal I like to be locked in the room in solitude. Otherwise I tend to put sugar in the soup and salt in the stewed apples.

By



Dorothy Drain

A FRIEND in England sent me a cutting describing the breathless excitement which attended the hatching of the first batch of wingless chicks from eggs sent from America.

These wingless chicks have been in the news for weeks, and the American who breeds them, Peter Baumann, of Des Moines, Iowa, is proud of his achievement.

He says that fowls with wings waste energy by flying and lose weight, and that wings are only a nuisance to poultry eaters.

Perhaps it is illogical to worry about the happiness of hens when one can eat chicken Maryland without a twinge of conscience. Yet I can't help feeling that the development robs the creatures a lot of fun in their brief lives.

A good deal worse is the news that some greyhound owners in London have operated on dogs to stop them from barking because neighbors complain of the noise the dogs make.

It's a pity that man, who is so clever at improving birds and animals, couldn't do something really useful by breeding a human race minus appendices, tonsils, and bad temper. But what a shriek that would raise about human rights!

ONE of the reasons that made me think newspaper work would be an attractive career was the erroneous idea that journalism had nothing to do with mathematics.

Disillusion came early. The first job I did—a fete—had figures in it. Naturally a fete has "proceeds." After that there were the horrors of meetings with reports and balance sheets, and soon the knowledge that there were always words to be counted and inchage to be estimated.

Since then I've realised that mathematics, or at least arithmetic, is an inescapable part of life.

I heard the other day of a maths mistress who treats her domestic problems with the same exactitude that she inculcates in her pupils. For her garden at weekends she hires a small concrete mixer in which she mixes the exact quantities of soil and fertiliser necessary for particular beds.

What a telling example! Pupils whose tastes run to the aesthetic and can't be bothered with sums cannot fail to be impressed when shown flowers that are the direct result of a mathematical approach.

THOSE special guest-houses in Britain where conversation is banned and nobody speaks except to ask for the salt at table are said to be getting very popular.

It's not surprising. The guest-houses are a natural development in a world of noise.

In Australia, though we haven't gone as far as Washington with radio programmes tuned into trams, there are quite enough amplifiers and general racket to make one try with the idea of enforced peace and quiet.

And yet I don't know. I once stayed at a city boarding-house for a few weeks. On the first morning I came down to breakfast, paper in hand, thinking "Absolutely no breakfast conversation."

When I got to the table I was surprised (with feminine irrationality) at the fact that the man opposite didn't even lower his paper to say good morning.

Eventually he proved, like most people, to be pleasant, and at later breakfasts we often thawed after our second cups of tea and exchanged a few polite remarks.

He was probably glad I didn't emulate a budgerigar at breakfast, but complete silence would have been a fearful strain for both of us, especially on the mornings that there was anything really sensational in the papers.

A VISITOR from Hobart tells me that residents of that city know when spring has arrived because the snow melts in the shape of an "S" on Mt. Wellington.

This may be fact or fancy. I have never been to Hobart. It is, in any case, the kind of statement which it is foolish to doubt.

Sometimes I've tended to be impatient with guides who show you on rock faces and caves the marks of weather and erosion forming human and animal figures. They, I am sure, see clearly what they describe. I seldom do.

Once when flying above the clouds in an interstate airliner I saw an ocean, smoother and stiller than ever the ocean is, and a shoreline that no human foot had trodden. It was eerie and beautiful.

The pilot swept the whole scene away in an instant by the phrase "cumulus formation."

IN one of those perennial arguments of fashion authorities the other day a London designer said he preferred long skirts because they covered so many imperfections.

If that's what he feels about us, why not be logical and add a mask and domino?

THE Czech army has banned pictures of scantily clad girls from barrack rooms and says that they must be replaced by "slogans and pictures of shock workers, and examples of fighting tradition."

In decadent democracies the troops like lovely girls, and fancy them for pin-ups, as you know, Brunettes and glowing redheads, and blue-eyed blondes with curls.

Perhaps it's rather shocking, but it's so!

In iron-curtained countries, things will be different soon. Though formerly their tastes were much the same. From Angkorburn to Moscow, from West Point to Dunroon.

They liked a striking picture of a dame.

But now where once were sirens (and sometimes rather rude)

Will hang the battle scenes the brave deserve.

In place of shapely film stars, they'll change the warriors' mood.

With figures for a nice production curve.

STRING-BAG BLUES?
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BRISK is the tea-taster's own word to describe the fresh, lively, full-bodied flavour of Lipton tea—a flavour that is the direct result of Lipton's 70 years' experience of growing and blending fine-quality teas.



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'Borofax' applied at every napkin change, prevents chafing and irritation. It is easy to apply . . . cannot spill . . . and is economical.

Obtainable from your chemist in tubes of two sizes.

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A BURROUGHS WELLCOME & CO. PRODUCT



Four months ago my hands were so useless I couldn't dress myself.



A dreadful depression and hopelessness was getting me down.



Sleepless at night with pain, I had to have pillows under my swollen knees and arms.



Now I can enjoy myself and do my work again.

"At last I'm free to look after my little family—"



This human story will interest many sufferers who should be enjoying radiant health.

The whole thing started four months ago, when I was advised to take the Menthoid treatment. Gone is the pain in my knees. Gone is the crippling of my hands that refused to allow me to dress or undress myself. Gone is that dreadful depression and hopelessness that surely was getting me down. Gone the dreadful wakeful nights. Gone are the nights when I was barricaded up with pillows—pillows under my knees; they were so swollen and sore I could not stand the pressure one on the other. Gone is the pillow I had to have on my chest to rest the painful arm, as it was too sore to lie on. . . . For the first time in a good many years, at last I'm free from pain—free to look after my little family. Many thanks to Menthoids for my new happiness.



Start a course of Menthoids to-day

Get a month's treatment flask of Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids for 6/6, with Diet Chart, or a 12-day flask for 3/6 from your nearest chemist or store. If far from town, pin a postal note to a piece of paper with your name and address and send to:

BRITISH MEDICAL LABORATORIES
Box 4155, G.P.O., Sydney.

Your Menthoids will reach you by return mail. Keep a note of the number of your postal note until you hear from us.

Menthoids will help you too, if you suffer

Menthoids will help you, too, as they have helped this young Australian mother and her family. For theirs is the story of thousands of other people in the Commonwealth to-day. Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago, Stiffness in muscles and joints, Kidney and Bladder Weakness, Dizziness, Headaches and Simple High Blood Pressure are so common to-day that it has been estimated that these, and kindred ailments, cost Australians approximately £25,000,000 a year.

Much of this suffering and loss can be ended by helping your bloodstream to wash away the body poisons that cripple you.

Menthoids contain no harmful drugs. Menthoids are a natural prescription, a great medicine containing Thionine. They are a tried and proven family

treatment that has brought relief from the painful, crippling poisons of bacteria and uric acid to generations of Australians. If you suffer in this way, get a flask of Menthoids to-day and give yourself a course of this famous treatment. Menthoids will quickly relieve you of that unhappy depressed feeling—those aches and pains that are sapping your strength—and give you a new lease of life and youthful energy.

How the Menthoid Treatment acts

A large proportion of drugs and medicines are so changed in the digestive system that their healing and medicinal properties are greatly reduced. In order that Menthoids may exert their beneficial action on kidneys, bladder and bloodstream the prescription includes medicaments that maintain their effective

properties after passing through the digestive tract. Menthoids help to drive out the poisons and germs from your system that so often cause Headaches, Dizziness, Simple High Blood Pressure, Rheumatic Aches, Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Backache, Lumbago and similar ailments.



Pressure like this against your joints, causing pain, suggests damage by uric acid, etc.



More than 400 muscles support spine here. All are susceptible to injury and poisonous accumulations.



Your spine is another area often attacked by uric acid, causing painful pressure on nerves.



Loss of some of your youthful suppleness is often the first sign of uric acid accumulating in your muscles and joints. In such cases as these, Dr. Mackenzie's Menthoids are a valuable treatment.

WORTH Reporting

FOUNDATION headmaster of Blackfriars Correspondence School—the N.S.W. Education Department's organisation for educating children unable to attend school—Mr. Walter Finigan retires at the end of the year.

He has been associated for 31 years with correspondence-school education, and in that time has seen his staff grow from three to 107, and the school roll from 20 to 6500.

When he returned from the first world war with a leg wound which made it impossible for him to do an active teaching job, the Department gave him a small correspondence school to organise.

As the demand for education by correspondence grew, the several small schools in existence were amalgamated into what was the beginning of Blackfriars, with Mr. Finigan as headmaster.

Most of the 75,000 students who have passed through Blackfriars since have never met the man who had so much to do with their education, but the letters of tribute he receives daily are an indication of the affection and esteem they feel for him.

He explains that correspondence teaching is often hampered by the lack of worldly knowledge of the out-back children. Seldom or perhaps never handling money, they find arithmetic with money hard to understand. Occasionally, a subject set for a composition will strike a blind spot in the child's experience.

That was the reason for the nine word answer of a small boy of the far west who was asked to write about fish.

"Fish is pink. It comes out of a tin," was his reply.

SWEETS are again rationed in England. The general public isn't altogether sorry—at least they will be sure of getting the four ounces allowed them. During the un-rationed period shops never had sweets shining, because they weren't in stock long enough to be put on the shelves. Most confectioners felt back on displays of crystallised fruit, preserved ginger, and enough drops.

Corset models may be warmer

THERE'S something about corset parades that make even the warmest-clad onlookers shiver in sympathy with the mannequins. But our Melbourne office reports that better times are coming for foundation garment glamor girls if an American idea catches on here.

Pictures just to hand from a leading company feature overseas corset mannequins almost fully dressed, even to long white kid gloves.

All show attractive models with torsos enclosed snugly in satin corsets ending in decorative bouffant skirts and with fetching tulle stoles and long gloves.

One pretty girl wears a silvery pink lame corset, shirred pink lame skirt, long black gloves, and a black feather cocktail hat.



"Since this is washday, suppose we find a new site for to-day's secret meeting of the 'Little Four,' eh?"

Wildflower nursery has 3000 waratahs

MANY of the wildflowers offered for sale in the streets of Sydney from now until Christmas will have been stolen by professional flower thieves from 50,000-acre Kuring-gai Chase.

"By working through our wildflower season of five months, ruthless professional flower thieves can make enough to live on for a year," said Mr. C. C. Burnside, who, after serving on the Kuring-gai Trust for 25 years, was recently elected to his second term as president.

"They work by day, hiding their loot in secluded gullies, return again at night and take it away by car. Their favorite dodge is to take out a permit to gather wildflowers in some small area elsewhere, and show it if questioned about the flowers they sell."

To replace losses, the Chase has its own nursery where wildflowers are grown in suitable soil from seed gathered by the 12 rangers. Last year they grew 3000 waratahs, which will be transplanted when about one foot high.

"Wildflowers grow easily in many suburbs," Mr. Burnside says. "We want people to grow them in their gardens, and the Trust will give seed when available to anyone interested."

The Trust is one body that doesn't suffer from the manpower shortage. "More nature lovers than we can employ offer themselves as rangers," Mr. Burnside said.

THE loving little notices on the meat in French butchers' shops amused a traveller, who quotes some of them. Attached to a large piece of beef, veal, or pork are tickets with inscriptions such as "Je suis exquis" (I am exquisite), "Exportez-moi. Vous m'aimez?" (Take me away, you will love me), or "Gouter moi c'est m'aimer" (To taste me is to love me).

It's the inscription that hurts

A MELBOURNE man is trying to arrange a pact with his fiancée that no more expensive birthday or Christmas presents are to be exchanged between them.

He confides to friends that he's finding her gifts too costly. To keep romance rosy, whenever he has to secretly buy an exact replacement. Up to date he has unhappily shopped for three high-grade fountain-pens and a de luxe cigarette lighter. The thing that hurts him most is having to pay for engraved inscriptions to himself on the replicas.

Impressionist's only help is felt hat

AMERICAN impressionist Paul Regan, star of the Tivoli circuit and Sydney Celebrity Club, made his first appearance in show business when he and another boy presented an act at a neighborhood theatre on amateur night.

"It wasn't so hot," he says. "We were yanked off by an impatient management. I know now what the trouble was, and so does the other half of the act—these days a successful performer in the States. We were both determined to be comics, and it's a well-known axiom that no act can stand two comics."

Regan is so like Red Skelton that people are always asking why he never does him. The truth is that he can't. "I guess I can't stand off and study him dispassionately enough. It's possible to imitate anybody if you watch him carefully enough, except the one who's like you."

Regan never rehearses in front of a mirror. He "feels" himself into the person he is imitating. Without any prop other than a felt hat, he'll give life-like impressions of up to 20 famous people, turning his back to the audience for no more than two seconds between impressions.

He thinks the best things he does are Churchill and Barry Fitzgerald. Gary Grant he found the most difficult. "I went every day for a week to some darned film starring Grant," he says. "Then suddenly I got him. The things that I wanted were the voice—that's always the most important—and the shoulder movements."

People like Jimmy Durante are the easiest to impersonate, Paul Regan says. "The ones that need thought are those without any strong characteristics or mannerisms. For years I've been wanting to do Spencer Tracy. When I go back to the States I think I'll have another try."

A tall, youngish man, with a quite unremarkable face, Paul Regan not only sounds like Gary Cooper, Clark Gable, Peter Lorre, and Hugh Herbert. For the moment he positively looks like them.

The price, he says, of knocking a hat into shape to look in turn like a great lover's, a ten-gallon, and a big time executive's is that the one hat never lasts more than six months.

Gunsmith's wife is expert shot

A SLIM, attractive Adelaide brunette, Bonnie Hambly-Clark, is a dead shot with a gun. Ten years ago when she married gunsmith Bill Clark she knew nothing about shooting.

"But I've always felt," she told us, "that for marriage to work, husbands and wives should have similar interests. So I decided to learn to shoot."

From rabbits she progressed to birds on the wing and pigs in the wilds. "Once I brought down three parrots with one shot," she said.

Her most recent kill was a vicious wild boar, shot in N.S.W. last Christmas when she, "Crack-of-doom Clark" (her name for her husband), and their young children Bill and Leonie went on a caravan hunt. She got the boar at 60 yards.

This is her husband's year to hunt, and Bonnie stays home and minds the gun shop they conduct in Rundle Street, Adelaide.

Next year she will go hunting while her husband looks after things at home.

When we interviewed this modern Annie Oakley she showed us into her husband's gun-room. A formidable array of modern and antique weapons adorning the walls were punctuated by a large stuffed deer's head and sets of horns.

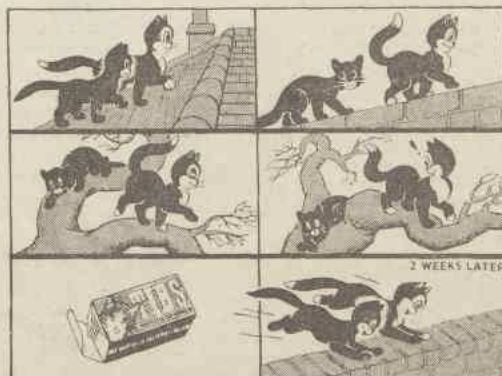
Dick Bentley, from London, cables



"Good chocolate—like good comedy—must have plenty of smoothness and SNAP—and Small's Club Chocolate has both!"

"I can well believe that the louder the snap the better the chocolate. Even after travelling 15,000 miles from Sydney to me here in London, Small's Club Chocolate broke with a good loud snap every time. That's chocolate! Yes, and that 'Not-so-sweet' flavour is a real flavour for men."

Small's make Great Chocolate



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It isn't fried eggs that make a pan look worse for wear...



It's harsh cleaning



But sprinkle a little VIM on your pot cleaner and....



VIM's added cleansing power will shift all that grease without scratching



Let a Man Do It

Continued from page 5

PHIL smiled down at Meg. "A real dinner," he said. "And you're not even to think about what we're going to have." He snapped his fingers, and the two children, like puppy dogs, turned and bumbled obediently towards him. "Come on, children," Phil said firmly. "We're going out."

Meg said, "Darling, it's raining." "They have raincoats," Phil said. He turned back; he really looked annoyed.

"Now Meggie," he said, "I'm going to get cross. You act as though I haven't the sense I was born with. You act as though there were something about running a house that a man can't possibly grasp. Is there some secret about it or do you just think I'm not intelligent enough?"

"I'm sorry, darling," she said contritely. "It's just that you're not used to it—and it is harder for a man—"

"It is not harder for a man," he said, "once he gets the hang of it. I am perfectly capable. Now will you please stop worrying?"

He bent to kiss her again, taking away the sharp words; the children, who had stood quite still in wonder at his unaccustomed tone, suddenly came to life again and went out of the room on all fours. There was a crash from somewhere in the hall and Phil said, "Bye, darling," and went out after them rather fast.

She settled back against the pillows and prepared to enjoy her day. It was some time before she realised that Phil had forgotten to bring her any breakfast.

About twenty to five Louise Hewitt came in the back door, every inch the perfect lady just getting back from a committee meeting. She stood in the kitchen smiling at the children, looking at Phil and the litter on the kitchen table in front of him.

"Well? What can I do?" she asked. "Oh nothing, nothing," Phil said. "We're doing just fine." He was slicing onions at the moment; maybe that accounted for the tears in his eyes.

Louise leaned against the kitchen table and began to laugh. The children, hearing merry sound, be-

gan to giggle. "Phil, you're wonderful! You sounded exactly like an injured old maiden aunt! Has it really been so bad?"

"Bad?" he said, digging his knife viciously into an onion. "You should have been with us when we did the shopping."

"You don't mean," Louise said, "You don't mean you took them both shopping?"

"Oh yes," he said airily. "Of course I'll never do it again. The shopkeepers won't let me in."

"And why, my poor innocent, did you feel you had to go to the shopping centre?"

He looked helplessly at the confusion in the sink, on the table, on top of the refrigerator. "I wanted to get something extra," he said, "for an especially good dinner. Meggie's coming down for it."

Louise looked at her watch. She went into the hall and put her things on a chair. She came back to the kitchen with a firm step. "Now look," she said, "you might as well face it. You've gone house-crazy."

Phil looked up, protesting.

"It happens to all mothers," she said, "to anybody who has to take care of children. It happens if it rains for a week at a stretch, or if a cold lasts ten days, or if anything keeps us tied in the house for too long. It happened faster to you, because you're a man and you're not used to it."

"All right," Phil said. "So I'm house-crazy. So what do I do about it?"

Louise looked again at her watch. "I have exactly fifty minutes," she said, "before I have to get home to get the twins to bed. You put on your coat and get out of here. You walk down the street and the first bar you see you go right in. You just stand there and listen to them talk. It doesn't matter what they're talking about, just so long as it's not about children."

She was untying his apron. "If



anyone reaches for his wallet, duck. He might be going to show you a picture of his children."

And then he was out in the rainy evening, walking quietly down the street. No need to walk very slowly, bent over slightly to reach down for sticky fingers; no reason to look back to see that no small child had decided prematurely to try to climb a fence or fall down a flight of stairs. He was walking alone, with the fresh air in his face and it felt wonderful.

Ye gods, he thought, how does Meggie stand it! And she does it every day! When she gets better I'm going to take some more time off from the office and see that we get

a maid, or she gets some help, somewhere.

It took five minutes of brisk walking to reach the shopping centre. The first hotel he came to he went in gratefully, put his foot on the brass rail and said, "Beer."

A voice next to him said automatically, without inflection, "Yes, sir."

Phil looked around, surprised. There was a sailor standing next to him; a tall dark sailor, with his cap on the back of his head. He didn't look as though he would cudge a drink and yet he certainly had spoken. "Make that two beers," Phil said to the barman.

Please turn to page 29

At One... or Twenty-one...

your complexion will be lovelier with Pears



Race days gay with silk-jacketed jockeys and prancing thoroughbreds can be so exciting, but nothing is quite so exciting as your complexion loveliness when you care for it with pure, mild Pears.



For the moments in your life when loveliness is of the greatest importance you'll be secure in the knowledge that your complexion is always at its most enchanting because of pure, mild Pears.

Pears



Pears is the original transparent soap... it's so pure you can see right into the heart of each amber tablet

THE barman brought two beers and put them both down in front of Phil. Phil indicated that one was for the sailor. The barman put the beer in front of the sailor. The sailor indicated, by moving it promptly aside, that he did not want it. He said, in the same hollow automatic voice, "I didn't order that. I have one already."

The barman indicated, by a dirty look at Phil, that it was none of his business.

"I'm sorry," Phil said, "I thought you said you wanted it."

For the first time the sailor turned and looked at him. He had been staring into his drink before that, swirling it round as though he were counting the bubbles.

"I said something?" he said.

"You did," Phil said. He was beginning to feel a little hot. "You said, 'Yes, sir.'"

"Oh, gosh," the sailor said and sighed. His sigh was like a sad gust of wind just as the sun goes down when there's going to be a storm. "I thought I'd got over that," he said. "You see, that's my name, Beer."

"I see," Phil said, "must be tough."

The sailor looked up. "It's a great handicap," he said. Another silence. "Puns," he said. "Jokes of all kinds."

"I see," Phil said. This was not the cheery little interlude Louise had recommended. But at least they weren't talking about children.

"It's been a long time, though," the sailor said, "since I've answered that way in a bar. I only do it when I've got things on my mind."

Phil had finished his first beer and, feeling rather apologetic since he still kept thinking it had been ordered for the sailor, he started the second. There was silence. He was beginning to feel depressed. He said, just to be talking, "You have something on your mind?"

"I have trouble," Beer said simply. "I'm on my way home on leave, and I've nowhere to go to-night. My train doesn't leave until to-morrow morning."

"If you've nowhere to go," Phil said, "how about coming home for dinner with us?"

It was out. He had invited a stranger home for this particular dinner; for Meggie's first evening downstairs, for their treat. He only knew that he had to do it and that Meggie — somehow Meggie would understand.

Beer looked up. "That is certainly nice of you," he said desolately.

Louise was the brisk matron again when she met him at the door; she had her hat on and was stroking on the long gloves.

"Fifty-eight minutes," she said. "You're eight minutes late. Don't you know people with twins have to run to a schedule?"

"So I've heard," Phil said grimly.

She looked beyond him and saw Beer looming up in the doorway; her expression said a great many things but she said nothing. Phil did not care. He didn't have to worry about Louise's understanding; only Meggie.

He could not conceive how so many things could go wrong at once. He had planned a simple dinner, he thought: baked potatoes, steak, onions, asparagus with hollandaise sauce, and ice-cream for dessert. Certainly the baked potatoes should have been easy; it was only a question of baking them long enough. But one of them blew up in the oven, leaving scraps of brown potato all over it.

He had realised when he planned it that hollandaise sauce was tricky, but he had read about it in the cookery book and decided it was something that required intelligence, not practice. He was wrong. As for the onions, there wasn't really any way of telling what happened to them.

Louise had done wonders in her fifty minutes. She had fed the children, done their dishes and given them some kind of hasty washing that passed for a bath. They were in their pyjamas, docile as lambs and quite ready for bed.

Except he found at the last minute that what had kept them so docile

Let a Man Do It

Continued from page 28

was that each treasured a remnant of lolly. That meant a good bit more washing and at bedtime any simple thing like washing can lead to an endless procession of simple things. Drinks of wata, kiss, pink doggie, kiss again, 'nother drink of wata—he began to understand why Meggie had that frantic look just before dinner-time.

When he got back to the kitchen, Beer was sitting there. He said, "Nice kids," and Phil said, "Yes," and then Beer went on sitting there. Certainly it wasn't difficult to carry on a conversation with him. You just didn't have to say anything at all.

He watched Phil's battle with the sauce and the onions; he looked sympathetically and glumly into the mess of the oven. But when Phil brought out the steak he stood up and said, "Let me. I can cook."

And it was a good thing he could, because at that moment Susie started howling. She indicated that she had swallowed her lolly. Little Phil sat up in bed, nodding in agreement, then shaking his head in distress over his sister's plight. After ten frantic minutes of questioning and searching, Phil located the lolly, in Little Phil's bed.

When he got downstairs again the steak was cooked and Meg was in the living-room. She looked sweet and fragile and beautiful in a rose-colored house-coat; if she was surprised or hurt to find a stranger



... And in con-clu-sion ...
"You're off the air."

present on this special occasion, she did not show it.

If she found the onions strange she said nothing; if the sauce was inedible, she just ate the asparagus without it.

When they came to the steak they all gave up, quietly. It looked beautiful; just brown enough, with butter and gravy flowing around the edges.

"My mother taught me how to cook steak," Beer said with melancholy pride. He cut for a minute; he looked suspiciously at the knife. He took a bite. He put his knife and fork down. "My own mother," he said sadly, "couldn't have done anything with that steak."

And when they came to the ice-cream they could not cut it. It had been packed in dry ice. It was hard as a rock.

"Never mind, darling," Meg said. "I'm getting pretty tired anyway, sitting up. If you don't mind I'll go up to bed and you can bring me some later, when it's softened."

And then there were the sounds of Meggie's sad little footsteps going on up the stairs.

Beer was standing by the sink. He held out his long efficient arms and Phil handed him the dishes. The dishes were done in fifteen minutes, in silence.

Beer dipped the dishcloth up and down in the suds. "You know what?" he said thoughtfully. "It looks to me as though you people could do with some help."

"You don't say!" Phil said. "How'd you work that out?"

Beer dried his hands methodically and turned away from the sink. Wasting words on sarcasm was obviously beneath him; he said, "Well, do you need help?"

Phil said, "We do."

Beer said, "Okay. Where's the phone?"

"We can't afford to pay a maid much," Phil said nervously.

"Not a maid," Beer said and dialled.

"Then what—"

"Just what you need," Beer said. (Dial.) "House boy." (Dial.) "Filipino. Wonderful cook." (Dial.) "Served three years on the same ship with him. Mess boy, swell fellow."

Phil tried to picture a man in a white jacket standing by the sink, where he had always fondly pictured a motherly woman in a white apron.

Beer dialled again; the call went through. Beer spoke into the telephone but in such a low voice that Phil could not hear what he said. He hung up and turned around.

"All fixed," he said. "He'll be right out."

Phil swallowed. He was almost certain that this was not the way to hire a new maid.

"You see," Beer said, "he's out of the navy now. And his girl lives here." He lit a cigarette.

"No rooms in this town," he said. "Anyway, he couldn't find one. That's how I missed my train—I was trying to help him. You give him a room, give him enough evenings out, pay him a little salary on the side—he'll be happy."

He blew a smoke ring. "He's the salt of the earth," he said simply.

All doubts were cleared from Phil's mind. Anyone who could wring eloquence like that from Beer must be a really remarkable fellow.

He was a remarkable fellow. His name was Edward. He did not come to Phil's shoulder and his build was slight and wiry, but he moved so easily and with such dignity that he did not seem small. He did not smile all the time, but just exactly enough; his voice was very soft and he did not say much more than Beer did. But whatever he said was reassuring.

When the children woke the next morning he was in their room even before Phil; he got them downstairs without waking Meg simply by tucking one under each arm and going rapidly down the stairs with them.

They were so amazed and enchanted by him that they both chattered for twenty minutes straight, each trying to tell him more than the other, and he answered as though he understood.

Phil sat at the head of the dining-room table, as befits the head of the family, and drank a second cup of coffee and smoked a cigarette and read the paper and listened to the happy sounds in the kitchen.

Then, like Aladdin rubbing the lamp to make sure the genie had not vanished, he asked for a second piece of toast. The genie had not vanished. He brought in two pieces.

At ten o'clock Edward prepared a tray for Meg. Toast and long crisp slices of bacon and a glass of orange juice sitting in cracked ice. Coffee in the small silver coffee pot, just polished.

Meg was braced up against her pillows, smiling as always when she saw Phil coming.

Phil put the tray nonchalantly across her lap. She stopped smiling. On her face were disbelief, bewilderment, pleasure. And hunger. She said, "Phil! Darling, it's beautiful! How on earth did you manage it?"

He stood over her, smiling at her face, enjoying his secret for a few minutes. "Manage what?" he said. "Oh that—" he waved his hand casually. "Why, don't be silly, dear. I always told you a man could do it."

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Spastic children enjoy their annual concert



TEEN-AGERS Danny and Janet are two of six spastics who danced minuet at concert by children who attend Spastic Centre, Mosman.



ANCHOR of "The Bouncey" is thrown out by Geoffrey, aged three, in appealing little sketch "A sailing we will go."

★ The hundred spastic children at Mosman Spastic Centre enjoyed getting ready for their concert. They rehearsed diligently and performed carefully. They seldom quarrel and seem to realise that they must help each other.

INTERPRETATIONS of nursery rhymes are popular. From left: Shirley (Little Girl in Pat-a-cake Baker's Man); Harry (Baker), Rosemary (lamb in Bo-Peep), and Leslie (Miss Muffett's spider).



COQUETTES peek over their fans during Japanese song and dance. Average age of these children is seven years.



CAPTAIN HOOK, played by six-year-old Ray, threatens his captive Wendy, in real life Wendy May, also aged six, in "Peter Pan and Wendy." Acts are short so children's strength is not taxed.



Princess Margaret

★ Cecil Beaton took this latest portrait of Princess Margaret at Buckingham Palace to mark her nineteenth birthday, celebrated on August 21. Against a typical Beaton background the lovely young Princess is wearing a white tulle party dress covered with sequin-embroidered butterflies and a voluminous rainbow-colored tulle sash of pink, blue, mauve, and yellow.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 10, 1949

Page 31

MUM ROUSES IF I DON'T COME TO TEA WITH CLEAN HANDS. WHY DOESN'T SHE GET AN EXTRA CAKE OF LIFEBOUY THAT I CAN CALL MY OWN?

FRESH AND CLEAN - THAT'S HOW I FEEL! LIFEBOUY, WITH ITS SPECIAL HEALTH INGREDIENT, DOESN'T GIVE BO. A CHANCE

HOPE DAD WON'T BE LONG WITH THAT LIFEBOUY. ITS THE DANCE TO-NIGHT AND I WANT TO FEEL BAND-BOX FRESH ALL EVENING THROUGH

YOU CAN'T HELP PERSPIRING, WORKING IN A HOT KITCHEN LUCKY A LIFEBOUY BATH SAFEGUARDS PERSONAL FRESHNESS!

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with **MILTON** CHEMISTS ONLY
PRICE 3!
DENTURE POWDER

Aunt Agatha, who knits, says -

MAZDA
LAMPS
stay brighter longer

Many a Slip

Continued from page 7

DEREK looked down at Irma, half-smiling, half-frowning. "And how does your subconscious vote?" he asked.

"The same, the same."

He kissed her. She clung to him fiercely.

"Miss Benson," he said, "I hope you won't take this as forward of me, but now that we're re-engaged, so to speak, may I have half of that blanket again? It gets very frigid these early mornings."

They were walking arm-in-arm under the blanket when they reached the garage.

Gold letters on the window of a small building said: "Dink's Service Station." Inside, a tall bony man, wearing an army field jacket, was folded into a swivel chair. He was asleep at his desk, head pillowed on an open book.

Derek leaned over and read the title of the book from the top of the open page. "Elements of Geometry," he whispered. He put his hand gently on the sleeper's shoulder. The garageman woke up. "The Pythagorean theorem," he yawned, "sends me off every time."

"I know how you feel," Derek said. "Did the same to me."

"Is that right?" said the mechanic. "Say, maybe you can explain something to me—"

"Excuse me," Irma cut in, "but there's a little matter of a car two miles down the road. And I could do with a few repairs myself."

"Pardon, ma'am," said the garageman. "Ladies' room outside and to the left. Right-hand switch for the light over the mirror."

When Irma came back the boy in the field jacket was starting up the jeep tow car. Derek was sitting inside on the littered desk. He was reading the Elements of Geometry.

"Dink's going for the convertible," Derek said, looking up with a smile. "I'm minding the station till he gets back. Then he'll lend us the tow truck for a quick trip to Yuma. While we're getting spliced in his jeep he'll see what can be done with mine."

"You're so efficient, darling," said Irma.

"You ain't seen nuthin' yet," grinned Derek. He made a quick tour of the petrol pumps. "The well-dressed service station attendant," he called cheerily. "I worked my way through senior year at the university doing this."

Irma sat down in the swivel chair before the desk. She felt cold, cold inside, where even the Indian blanket could not warm her.

When Dink got back about twenty minutes later Derek was filling up a cattle truck, looking incredibly suave and competent in his evening clothes. The green convertible dangled behind Dink's jeep like a spoil of the hunt. Dink rolled into the garage, disengaged the towing hook and manoeuvred the jeep back into the drive.

"It's all yours," he grinned. "Treat 'er gentle and she'll keep going forever."

They rolled down the drive and out on the road. Neither said anything till they passed the break in the fence. Then Irma put her hand on Derek's arm and said, "Stop, darling."

Derek slammed on the brakes. "My bag," she said. "I left it on the desk at the station. Wasn't that stupid of me?"

Derek slipped the car into gear. "I thought it was something important. Dink will take care of it till we get back."

"But won't I need some identification when I sign the licence?" Derek looked at her queerly. "Not in Yuma. I understand they'll marry anything human."

The sun was already warming the clear atmosphere when they got to Yuma. The main street was neat and wide. Some of the houses had signs on the lawns: "Marriage Services Performed; Justice of the

Peace, Marriages Performed At Any Time Of Day Or Night."

Irma grimaced. "They certainly make a business of it, don't they?"

"What nicer way to make a living?" said Derek. "Any one of these appeal to you?"

"I'm hungry," said Irma suddenly. "Would you think me terribly unromantic if I suggested a bite of breakfast first?"

He turned the jeep into the parking space beside a small cafe. Inside he ordered ham and eggs for two. Irma left most of hers on the plate. Derek thoughtfully reached over and speared the piece of ham she had left.

When they came out of the cafe Derek pointed at a pleasant house with a marriage sign across the road. A woman in a blue apron was sweeping the porch.

Irma nodded.

They walked across the highway. Derek stopped at the bottom of the six steps leading up to the porch. "Last chance," he whispered. "Speak now or forever hold your peace."

"Come on," she said tensely. "Last one up is a sissy."

Gaily Irma laughed and ran ahead of Derek up the flight of steps.

On the top step Irma stumbled. Derek grabbed at her and missed. She sprawled on the porch, face downwards.

The woman in the blue apron helped Derek pick her up. "Come right in and sit down," she said. "No sense being nervous. You can wait a while before you see the judge."

Irma tentatively put her weight on her right foot. Her face contorted in pain. Derek swept her up in his arms. "Never mind," he said to the woman. "We were only rehearsing."

Irma put her arms around his neck. It felt good to be carried. She said nothing as Derek carried her across the road. He eased her down into the front seat of the jeep and got in behind the steering-wheel.

QUIETLY

Derek said: "Now, tell me all about it."

"I slipped," Irma mumbled. "It could happen to anybody."

"So can car accidents," he said gently. "You forgot your handbag. You wanted a breakfast you couldn't eat. And there's this little matter of trying to break your neck. Whose subconscious is showing now?"

She began to cry. She sobbed for five minutes, clinging to him tightly. He crooned over her pale head and finally she permitted him to lift her chin and dry her tears. "Drive," she said. "Drive anywhere."

He headed west out of Yuma.

"His name is Daniel Sprague," she said wearily. "Six feet one inch. Thirty-three years old. Architect. Has an office in the building where I work. Looks as if he could tell you the names of his ancestors for ten generations back. And I liked the feel of his suits too. You know—soft and fuzzy."

"And the soft and fuzzy Mr. Sprague refused to succumb to your wiles?"

"Oh, he succumbed all right. But not to the point of marrying me."

"Oh, like that?"

She looked at him quickly, but there was no suggestion of criticism on his face. "Yes, like that," she said. "We used to have dinner together in town sometimes. He had a way of looking at a menu that made you think it had been printed specially for him. Danny kept promising things would change. But he never seemed to be able to swing it. Or maybe he didn't want to."

It was the first time she had ever allowed herself to say these words aloud. She spoke them again—"Or maybe he didn't want to."

Please turn to page 34

Interesting People



MISS EMILY M. NUTSEY
... distinguished nurse

MATRON-IN-CHIEF. Overcast, in the Middle East during war, famous New Zealand nurse Miss Emily Nutsey is visiting Western Australia. She finished her training at Auckland Hospital in 1912, later became its Lady Superintendent of Nurses. In World War I served as nursing sister, was mentioned in dispatches and made a M.B.E. As Matron-in-Chief during last war, she was in charge of an area stretching from the Turkish border down to Suez. Holds both First and Second Class Royal Red Cross decorations.



PROFESSOR F. S. C. NORTHROPP
... from Yale

LIVELY lecturer, American University don Professor F. S. C. Northropp, who has been touring Australia under the auspices of the Australian Institute of Public Affairs, says that his business is "to get to the bottom of things." Sterling Professor of Philosophy and Law at Yale, he's described as one of the wisest men in the world. As a young man he did social work in New York and worked with the Hongkong Y.M.C.A. He is a writer of note, two of his books being "The Meeting of East and West" and "Logic of the Sciences and Humanities."



MISS OLIVE LAMBLE
... in ski team

WITH the Australian women's ski team now in New Zealand, taking part in the first inter-Dominion contest to be held since the war, is well-known N.S.W. skier Olive Lamble. She was a member of a team that visited the Dominion in 1936. She has skied all her life, starting when she was four years old. Last year skied in Europe for the first time. At Zurs won jointly with her sister the visitors' standard run, competing against entrants from nine nations. Trains for skin events by going for long walks.

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studied thousands of children's
feet and it was those
orthopædists, and not just
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Illustrated above, Edwards Plain Cap Derby.
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black or tan. Fractional fittings, sizes 5½-10½.

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The perfect fitting last is straight along the inside, rounded at the toes. This allows the foot to grow naturally.

The shoe is cut high on the inside, low on the outside. This gives the ankle firm support.



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FACE
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NOW

it was bright daylight. The sun glistened off drops of dew in the grass beside the road. The morning seemed so fresh and self-renewing that she felt old and sad with her twenty-three years.

"A week ago last Thursday," she said brokenly, "was my birthday. We'd had a date to drive up to Santa Barbara to a little seafood place we used to go to. Danny broke the date because of a stag party."

"Didn't I meet you a week ago last Thursday?" asked Derek, swinging the jeep wide to pass a truck.

"Yes, I went to Clara's party because I thought if I stayed home alone I'd go crazy. Well, you came along."

She smiled at him wistfully. "You were so gay and—well, so presentable. Those four days after Clara's party were the sunniest I'd had for months. When you got so silly last night and started talking about a quick trip to Yuma—getting married without any wait to ask yourself questions—well, it seemed like the answer to a lot of things. I guess all I really wanted was to get even with Danny. Forgive me, Derek. It was a dreadful thing to do."

"Not at all," he twinkled. "Don't forget, it was some dark corner of my mind that put my pretty green convertible through that fence."

A look of wonder grew on Irma's face. "Isn't it strange?" she said. "We could have gone through with it. But you wanted Emily more than you wanted revenge."

"And you wanted revenge more than you wanted me," said Derek. Suddenly he let out a great whole-some guffaw. "I guess it's the first time in history that a bride has been carried away from the threshold."

They were still laughing together when they got back to the garage.

It was late afternoon two days later when a scarred green convertible clanked to a stop in front of a cottage in North Hollywood. In the front seat were a man and a girl with newly sunburned noses.

They were strangely attired, even for the casually dressed movie colony. The girl was wearing silver evening shoes, khaki pants with a red necktie for a belt, and a pullover

Many a Slip

Continued from page 32

with blue letters proclaiming, "U.S. Army Air Forces." The man was wearing patent leather shoes, the trousers of a dinner suit, and an Army field jacket that had "Dink" stencilled on the back.

The girl tried the door handle on her side. It was jammed. "Looks like Old Paint is still a bit lame," she smiled.

"Dink is the greatest mechanic in the world," said the young man. "But I wish that front axle had taken him a bit longer."

"None of that, now," the girl warned gaily. "It's clear you're firmly and everlastingly stuck on Emily Winters. I've been through enough fences."

Derek took Irma's hand in his. "It was really decent of you to stick around while Dink fixed the car," he said huskily.

Irma disengaged her hand. "I helped you get into that mess. It was the least I could do. Anyway, if I hadn't been there to cook for you, you'd have ruined your digestion eating beans out of a can with Dink."

IRMA reached behind the rear seat and picked up the paper parcel in which she had wrapped her evening dress.

Derek's voice grew serious. "What are you going to do now, Irma?"

"Back to the office. How about you?"

"Back to the typewriter. I'll bet the studio never noticed I was gone."

"Don't forget what I said about Emily. Shake well twice daily, by the neck if necessary."

"Check. And don't forget what I said about Daniel Sprague. A swift slap in the face every hour on the hour."

Derek opened the door on his side and slipped out. Irma squeezed out after him.

They looked at each other steadily for a moment, the girl's blonde head and the young man's dark one an inch apart. For the space of one breath they looked into each other's eyes and beyond.

There was nothing more to say.

Irma turned and went into the house.

Derek drove away. There were some letters and magazines in Irma's mailbox. She looked through them awkwardly with one hand as she turned her key in the door. There was a letter from Danny, the address lettered in his precise draughtsman's hand. She slipped her thumb under the flap and pulled it open.

"Darling, where have you been?" the note read. "Please phone me as soon as you get this."

There was more. Irma read it through. She hung her dress in the wardrobe. She was sniffling a little as she sat down and carefully read the note again.

Then she dropped it in the waste-paper basket.

Derek drove down to Hollywood Boulevard and parked near a drug-store. He got changed at the cashier's desk and ducked into a phone booth at the back of the noisy store. His fingers knew Emily's number by heart.

The last number he dialled registered its clicks and the phone buzzed once, twice.

A cool voice said, "Hello."

"Hello, Irma," said Derek.

"Irma?" said the voice. "There's no Irma here. What number do you want?"

"Did I say Irma?" asked Derek in amazement.

"Yes," said the cool voice. "Is this you, Derek Holt? Where have you—"

"This is Abner McGillicuddy," he said quickly. "I must have a wrong number."

He hung up and fished a piece of paper out of his trousers pocket. His fingers were trembling as he dialled the number he had scribbled there.

A shaky voice said, "Hello."

"Hello, Irma?" he yelled joyously. "This is Derek. Can I come over and see you for a minute? My subconscious wants to talk to your subconscious!"

(Copyright)

THIS 10 YEAR OLD SHAWL

actually won a show prize after many washes with Velvet!

says AUNT JENNY

Read of the wonderful results Mrs. F. M. Peepall, of 354a Montague Road, West End, Brisbane, and her good neighbour, Mrs. Olive Hukins, also of 354 Montague Road, have had with Velvet. Their experiences certainly prove precious things washed with Velvet stay fresh and new-looking year after year.

(★ Original letters on our file.)

"IT'S A PLEASURE, Aunt Jenny, to add my voice to the thousands you have heard in praise of Velvet. I've always used Velvet because experience has taught me there is nothing like it. If you want to be kind to your linens, kind to your hands, and still have a good reputation for a white wash, use Velvet!"

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FABRICS WASHED WITH ORDINARY SOAPS—soon under a magnifying glass—look faded and worn out because hard rubbing is necessary with skimpier, inferior lather. And look how those weary-willy rods leave dirt ingrained in the weave!



FABRICS WASHED WITH VELVET SOAP—seen under a magnifying glass—stay strong as new, year after year, because no hard rubbing is needed with Velvet's extra soapy suds. And not a trace of dirt left behind!



Look in every Map to Thurs.
"Aunt Jenny's Real-Life Stories"
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ON THE RECORD. This picture shows Hobart Hospital's method of footprinting baby to guard against parents getting wrong child. Our model, Dale, is watched by his mother, Mrs. Jack Phillips, Sandy Bay, Tas. Mother's fingerprints are recorded on same chart.

Baby's footprints identify him



BABYMOBILE provides transport for babies from nurseries to dining-room, where mothers sit in comfortable chairs to feed infants.



SMALL IRON LUNG invented by Dr. McIntyre, Launceston, has saved lives of many babies. It is demonstrated for trainee, Margaret Joyce, by Sister Flora Taylor.



"AN OLD FRIEND," Mrs. Roy Beyer (right) calls 10-day-old son, Arnold. She and Mrs. Noel Gillon took over washing, managing their babies when they were five days old.

FOOTPRINTING babies—**F**an American idea to guard against parents getting wrong child — was introduced at Royal Hobart Hospital this year. The footprints are recorded on a chart with the mother's fingerprints before the two leave the operating theatre after the baby's birth.

Prints are for hospital records only, and if any doubts should arise later about the baby's identity, the chart can be referred to a fingerprint expert.

The usual identity tabs are also placed around babies' wrists.

Early ambulation of mothers is another feature of the maternity section at this hospital. Mother gets up five days after birth of baby, spends another nine days at the hospital getting to know her child, and how to manage it.

The hospital is proud of its record of no maternal deaths in 3500 deliveries during the past two years.



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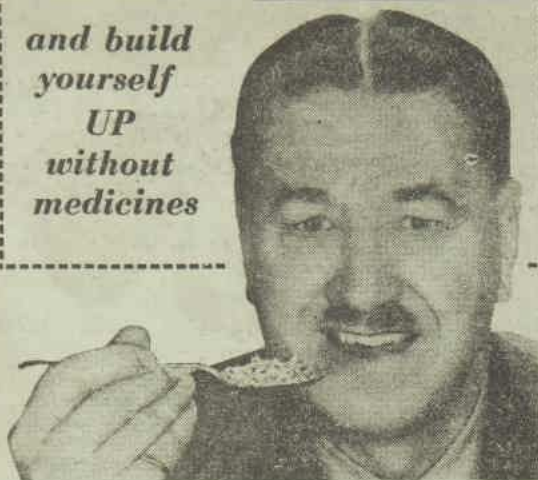
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Mandrake the Magician



MANDRAKE: Master magician, and
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely
PRINCESS NARDA: Are captives in the undersea country of Atalan.
THE QUEEN OF ATALAN: Orders guards to bring the captives to her, and, seated on a throne,

looks at the humans from the world above the sea. Mandrake, Lothar, and Narda marvel at the wonders of Atalan, and listen intently as the Queen begins to speak. An old prisoner translates her words as she tells of the history of Atalan. NOW READ ON:



"IN THAT DISTANT TIME, THERE WAS A GREAT CANYON, SEPARATED FROM THE OCEANS BY HIGH MOUNTAIN RANGES," CONTINUES THE QUEEN. "AT THE BOTTOM WAS THE ANCIENT CITY OF ATALAN."



"ATALAN WAS FAR ADVANCED IN CIVILIZATION, EXCEPT IN THE ARTS OF WAR, AND WAS CONSTANTLY THREATENED BY GIANT ANIMALS AND BARBARIANS OF THAT TIME."



"GREAT HOLES WERE DRILLED INTO THE MOUNTAIN RANGES, AT THE PLANNED MOMENT, THE RANGES COLLAPSED, AND THE OCEANS FLOODED INTO THE CANYON, COVERING THE DOME, AND CREATING THE ATALAN DEEP," CONTINUES THE QUEEN...



OUR WISE MEN CONCEIVED A DARING PLAN. A GREAT DOME WAS BUILT OVER THE CITY, STRONG ENOUGH TO WITHSTAND ANY PRESSURE. AMAZING MACHINERY TO CREATE AIR, FOOD AND POWER WAS INSTALLED.

"FOR CENTURIES, WE HAVE LIVED HAPPILY AT THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA," CONTINUES THE QUEEN OF ATALAN. SHE SHOWS MANDRAKE THE COMPLICATED MACHINERY THAT CREATES THEIR AIR AND POWER FROM SEA WATER:



"THIS IS WHERE WE MAKE THE TRANSPARENT METAL THAT DEFIES THE TERRIFIC WATER PRESSURE, YET IS AS LIGHT AS SILK," SAYS THE QUEEN.



"OCCASIONALLY, OUR POPULATION BECOMES TOO SMALL THROUGH DISEASE OR OTHER CAUSES, AND IT IS NECESSARY FOR US TO BRING IN NEW BLOOD," CONTINUES THE QUEEN. "SO ATALAN WARRIORS ARE SENT TO THE SURFACE."



"FROM SURFACE VILLAGES NEAR THE ATALAN DEEP, OUR WARRIORS BRING BACK WHATEVER IS REQUIRED, EITHER MEN OR WOMEN."



TO BE CONTINUED

I had been a long, breathless embrace, and, as they drew apart on the log seat in the shadow of the church, the girl reached up and set her hat straight.

"My," she said, "you're awfully strong. You shouldn't have done that, Charlie Bates."

He found her words as unexpected as the embrace. He still wasn't quite sure how it had come about. All he could remember was that she had suddenly come closer to him in the dark and put her arm about him and the next thing he was kissing her. But his vanity demanded he should believe he had been responsible.

"Why?" he demanded. "Aren't I good enough?"

"Oh, you're all right, Charlie," she granted, "if you mean all right."

"There's no harm," she didn't answer and he said, "What are you thinking about?"

"Oh, I don't know," she said, "I was just thinking there's nothing much for a girl to do here but get herself into trouble."

"I can't understand you, Nora," he told her. "You've had good chances. It don't seem like you can stay put."

"Pooh," she said, "Working in small shops!"

"You had a good chance at the pharmacy and at Mr. Pendergast's office in Kinalcuddy. Mr. Grattworth said you were real smart. You could have learned all about medicine."

"Oh, I learned enough," she said, "indifferently. But who did I ever meet? People with stomach-aches. I got tired of hearing about people's insides. Don't you ever get tired of cows and sheep and horses?"

"No," he said, stoutly. "I like cows and sheep and horses. Some day I'll have a place of my own like old Mr. Steen's or even Steve Garvie's. I'd run it better than he does."

Yes, she guessed he would. He was

Poison in the House Continued from page 9

stolid and solid. He had in him the stuff of which successful farmers were made. Old Ref Steen, who hardly had a good word for anyone, thought he was the best young man in the district.

Sitting with him in the dark, knowing how easily she could make him kiss her again, she wondered shrewdly whether Steen wouldn't take him to Pelvernon. It was common talk that Pete Gorrik, of whom the old man had had high hopes, had proved a disappointment.

If Charlie went to Pelvernon that might mean anything. Steen had no sons, no relative closer than Pete, who in law wasn't kin at all. Supposing Steen took it into his head to leave his place to Charlie.

She thought of herself as mistress of Pelvernon. She had no doubt she'd be able to wheedle out of young Mr. Bates all the clothes she wanted and the money to visit places she craved to see.

She said, "Mr. Steen likes you a lot."

"I'll tell you a secret, Nora," he said. "He as much as told me he'd like me to run Pelvernon. They were his very words. Not 'work' for him but help him run it."

She said, flattered him, "I bet you could, too. There isn't anyone but you could do it. It would mean a lot of work."

"I don't mind work."

"But don't you ever want to see anything but Dandaloo and Kinalcuddy?"

"Why, what's wrong with them?"

"Oh, nothing really, I suppose," she said, "except they're small. I bet you'll be a pretty big man one day, Charlie, then Dandaloo will be too small for you, too."

She hesitated briefly and went on, "Steve Garvie's been in places where there's so many people you can't hardly stay on the footpath."

"I wouldn't like that," he said

promptly and, after a moment's silence, "You like Steve Garvie, don't you?"

"I like to hear him talk," she said, non-committally. She snuggled up to his arm.

"But I wouldn't sit in the dark with him. I just like to hear about all the things that's going on. I've never seen much. Concerts and magic lanterns! Steve says there are entertainments in the city with girls dancing with hardly any clothes on . . . not even petticoats. Would you believe that?"

The boldness of her language had set his mind in a whirl of conjecture. "I don't know," he said. He felt little prickles under his scalp.

W

ith an effort Charlie went on. "There was a feller at the pub had a pink paper. It had pictures of girls showing their legs." He added hastily, in case after all he had said something offensive, "Weren't a nice thing to leave lying around."

"But some girls' legs are pretty, Charlie," she said, giving him an opening. When he didn't take it she sighed, "Steve says you'd never dream what things go on in the city."

"Things go on here, too," he reminded her heavily. "You don't have to go galivanting like Steve Garvie to have fun. Soon there'll be the harvest festival . . ."

The harvest festival! How Steve would laugh if she repeated that. But only Steve. None of the others who came to see her in the small shop in which she worked would think it funny.

A gallery of faces of local young men crowded her mind . . . Herman, Bill, Luke, Donald, all eager enough to get her alone but steering away like frightened colts at the hint of marriage. Not that she'd have tied

herself to any of them. They'd grow up, work, die, and be buried in Dandaloo.

Charlie, with a little pushing, might climb out of the rut. He'd be a poor substitute for Steve Garvie but Steve wasn't the marrying sort, curse him.

She thought of Charlie Bates, sitting awkwardly beside her, and the insufferable moments and dull conversation she'd had to endure till she felt she might, without scaring him off, let her hand fall into his as though by accident. After that it had all worked out as she'd expected.

Now that the hunt was up, he'd easily believe he'd been the hunter. Well, let him have his little moment. When it became known she was going to marry him, Steve Garvie would be jealous, perhaps. She wondered miserably if he'd ever known jealousy. He'd never shown any sign of it.

Charlie was talking about the harvest festival, waxing enthusiastic until his fingers found her wrist, and went, awkwardly experimental, up the bare arm.

She said, again, "Charlie, you shouldn't," and then he was kissing her clumsily and incidentally making havoc with her hair and hat. But she made no attempt to break away and with her cheek against his said, "This is better than harvest festival, Charlie."

"You ought to take an interest in the church, Nora," he said. "All the women do. If you were married you'd have to."

"I'm not married, Charlie boy."

"But you will be."

"Will I?" she asked softly and then, as if in dawning realization, her lips were on his, murmuring, "I never knew you wanted me like that, Charlie. I've always thought you wonderful . . . but . . . oh, Charlie, to think you want me."

S

UDDENLY Nora was covering his cheeks and eyes with a smother of kisses and was at his lips again mumbling endearments. "Say it, Charlie. Ask me."

"Ask what?" he said hoarsely. "Say you want me to marry you," she said. "Just ever so softly . . . like this." She mumbled to him, her lips against his with every syllable, "I love you, Nora. I want to marry you, Nora."

Obediently he said, "I love you, Nora. I want to marry you, Nora," and at the torrid moment thought he meant it.

She was hugging him and squeezing him again, running her hands over his face and through his hair.

"Oh, I'm so glad," she said. "So glad you're decent, you don't just want to play fast and loose with a girl." She drew a little apart holding his two cheeks between her palms.

"Mrs. Bates!" she said, trying the sound of it. "Mrs. Charles Bates! Kiss Mrs. Bates!" She slipped into his arms again and, although he didn't know it, he was taking a lesson in love from the aptest pupil Steve Garvie ever taught.

Nora was the first to hear the sound from the darkness behind the church. "There's someone with a horse," she whispered.

On Bates' practiced ear another sound registered. "Two men and two horses," he said. "Listen."

They could see nothing but they caught the words "pink minks," then someone said, "Where'll we keep the poison now we've bought it, Pete?" There was an angry retort and the horses moved off.

"Poison?" Nora said, breathlessly.

Charlie shrugged. "For rabbits."

While they were speaking the horsemen galloped into the deeper dark and rode on, not slowing until they were about a mile outside Dandaloo. Pete, riding a little ahead, permitted the hand that held the reins to lie loosely on the pommel of his saddle.

Please turn to page 38

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Poison in the House

Continued from page 37

GORRIK'S eyes were no more than slits in a sly face while his teeth gnawed at his knuckle. His thoughts were miles away and he barely heard his companion urge his horse forward so that they rode abreast.

"I remembered all right, didn't I, Pete?" Holper asked, claiming commendation with childish eagerness. "Eh? Oh yes, you remembered."

"Just like you told me, Pete. I said..."

"Never mind what you said," Pete snapped. "You remembered. Now you've got to forget."

"Forget? But you said remember."

"Now it's different," Pete said. "Now we got to begin forgetting."

"About the... cats?"

"About everything."

"Ain't we going to kill 'em?"

Pete leaned from his saddle and seized the other's arm with such violence that a cry of pain followed.

"Haven't I just told you never to gab like that?" he said through his teeth. "Haven't I just told you we got to forget?"

Holper wrenched his arm free. "You said we'd get money and go away and have fun. You said after he was..."

"Shut up," Pete interrupted, threateningly. He went on in a more conciliatory tone. "We are going away. Me and you. And we'll have lots of fun... all sorts of fun. But not yet. We got to wait a little. And we won't never go if you don't keep your mouth shut. We'll never see nothing. We'll always be here, working our skin to the bone for him. You don't want that, do you?"

"No," Holper said. "He hits me."

"Once we get away, he'll never hit you," Pete said. "You must hide the jar."

"Where? In the stable?"

"He might fossick. You keep it in your coat till I say."

"And one night...?"

"Yes, one night," Gorrik said, irritably. "After that he'll never be able to whip you again."

"Because," Holper said, in an excited whisper, "he'll be dead." He drove the spurs into his horse's flanks and galloped ahead, and almost at once, was lost in the darkness. "He'll be dead," he shouted, flinging the words over his shoulder.

The thud of galloping hoofs on the soft earth drowned Gorrik's oath as he went in pursuit. Holper was still shouting as Pete overtook him and grabbed his bridle and gradually eased the horse to a panting trot. Holper, his exultation suddenly dead, began to whimper.

"I didn't mean to, Pete. I didn't mean to shout but it came over me suddenly. I thought of you giving him the stuff out of the jar. I could see him lying still. He couldn't move his hand. And there was only the stars and I wanted to shout."

He checked his whimpering, and went on, "I like to shout but I'll never shout again. I'll never even whisper when there's anyone about. I'll be silent as the grave. Ref Steen's picked out for himself..."

"There you go again," Gorrik said vehemently. "Don't you mention graves. Nor speak about killing, nor people being dead; or about where we've been to-night. Not under the stars or in the bush or anywhere."

"But there's no one here," Holper pleaded. "There's no one for miles."

"Anyone might be anywhere. Listen, Holper. Get this into your head. You remember the old un's whip, don't you?"

The other shuddered but Pete went on, relentlessly: "It stings. But I've got a whip, too. You've seen me use it. Didn't I make it flip a cigarette out of your mouth at twenty feet?"

"I was frightened."

"It didn't hurt you, but I could bring you and my whip out here in the bush and peel your clothes off you and I could lash you one way and then another and skin would go flying up to those stars of yours. I could cut patterns in your hide..."

"No," Holper cried. "You wouldn't. You've never hurt me..."

"I can always begin," Pete said brutally. "Remember that. Whenever you think of what you bought to-night, you think of my whip, too. Then you'll remember what you mustn't talk about."

"Not even to Jedidah?"

"Not even to anyone," Pete cried, exasperated.

"I'll remember," Holper promised quickly. "I won't say nothing to nobody... ever."

"Good," Gorrik thrust his hand into his side pocket, pulled out a small paper bag, and offered it.

"Here," he said, "have another smok. You better eat them all before we get home."

When the other had scooped the bag with eager fingers, he put it back into his pocket and urged the horses into a canter.

They rode up to Pelvernon homestead in the face of a wind which whined through the high pines hugging the sides of the two-storied house and swept the brittle branches across the tin roof with a monotonous, grinding harshness.

The homestead was a smudge across the dark, for no light glimmered from either floor as Gorrik flicked the iron loop that held the gate to the big gravelled backyard.

"Guess the old un's gone to bed," he said as they unsaddled. He struck a wax match and lit a lantern hanging on a hook outside the stables, and, after they had fed the horses, said, "You better come up to the kitchen and get a bite."

Holper said, "The old un might hear."

"He's in bed, I tell you. I'll roust out Jedidah and she can rustle us up some supper."

LIFTING the side of the lantern, Gorrik blew out the flame, set it back on its hook and led the way, their feet crunching on the gravel, till the steel projectors on their heavy boots struck sparks from the little cobbled patch outside the kitchen door. This was unlatched, and, kicking it open, Pete entered and lit the oil lamp set on the centre table.

"I'll call Jedidah," he whispered. "You remember what I warned you."

"We been to Currawilla," Holper said. He was glancing about him nervously.

"That's right," Gorrik said. "We been to Currawilla."

"We ain't been anywhere near Dandaloo," Holper supplemented.

Gorrik made a disgusted gesture. "How many times I got to tell you... don't mention Dandaloo."

Holper nodded his head with hasty confirmation. "Just Currawilla."

"You just keep on saying nothing," Pete Gorrik advised. "I'm going to wake the old girl. You wait here."

"I better wait outside."

"You wait here, I tell you." He crossed the room and disappeared through the far door and stood at the foot of a narrow stairway, listening.

He frowned at the stillness, and then strode to a closed door, the knob of which glinted faintly in the ray of the kitchen lamp. He opened the door a little and called softly, "Jedidah."

"Well, Peter Gorrik?" The woman's voice from the dark room was hard.

"Is the old un home? Can't hear him snoring?"

The bed creaked as the woman sat up. "Where've you been all this time?" she asked.

"Never mind that," he said. "Is the old un in bed?"

"You get back to kitchen while I slip on clothes," Jedidah said. There was the soft thud of feet and the door closed in his face, and he went back to the kitchen.

Please turn to page 39



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SMART YOUNGSTER

MARGO SHERLOCK, the five-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock, of Grosvenor Street, St. Kilda, Vic., is a young lass with pronounced good taste. She shows great interest in clothes, and already chooses those she will wear. Her good judgment is also shown in her liking for Vegemite. Mrs. Sherlock included Vegemite in Margo's diet when she was six months old, and says, "She has loved it ever since." Vegemite is recommended for all children—they need its nourishing goodness. Vegemite is richer in vitamins, niacin and riboflavin, it's tastier and costs less.

KY91

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 10, 1949

SHORTLY

afterwards, the woman came in. She was forty-five, but already old, sal-low, wrinkled, with tight lips and brittle eyes. Her iron-grey hair was drawn back and screwed into an untidy bun at the nape of her neck. A stately wrapper flapped about the ankles of her bare, flat feet.

Holper had leaped to the rear door as she appeared. She sniffed.

"It's all right," she said. "You can come back, Holper. Old un's away."

"Away?" Pete Gorrik was surprised. "How'd you mean away?"

"He's gone to Perth. He was bull-roamin' there was no one to drive him to Dandaloo. He rode the mare over. Where've you been?"

"We been to Currawilla," Holper said eagerly, sitting up to the table. "To Currawilla, that's where we've been. To Currawilla."

"Well, don't keep on saying it," the woman said. "You want some supper?"

"Could do with a bite," Pete Gorrik said. He sat down at the kitchen table, stretching his long legs "Perth?" he ruminated. "Why?"

She spoke from the pantry where she was taking a shoulder of mutton from the safe swinging from a hook in the ceiling. "An office fellow was out with a telegram."

She put the mutton on the table, and, taking a carving knife and fork from the dresser drawer, pointed the knife at Holper. "Sit down," she ordered. "I told you old un's away. You got no cause to be 'frail."

Timorously he sat on the edge of the deal chair at the end of the wooden table, dropping his hat at his feet while she carved the meat.

"What did the telegram say?" Pete asked again.

She was taking two thick china plates from the dresser. "Since when," she asked, "has Reff Steen told me his private business?"

Pete said slowly, "You don't think 'twere anything to do with lawyers?"

"You mean his will? Why should he go to Perth when his lawyer's in Kinaluddy?"

"We been to Currawilla," Holper said.

"Shut up," Pete shouted harshly.

Poison in the House Continued from page 38

"You speak when you're spoken to."

"Here, eat this, Holper." The woman slid a plate of cold meat at him. "You can have some pickles if you like." She turned to the bearded man again.

"Wore his best suit and boots," she said, "and took two shirts. All he said was, 'I'm going to Perth.'"

"We been to Currawilla," Holper put in, his knife and fork greedily busy.

"Don't keep on tellin' me," Jedidah said, testily.

Pete Gorrik ate in sullen silence. He was wondering about the old man, who hated the city, but had gone to Perth in response to a telegram. He'd gone in a rush. A trip to Perth wasn't something you made at a moment's notice. It was a long, tedious, cramped journey, planned long in advance, discussed at length and frequently.

He pushed his plate away, stood up and began cleaning out the bowl of his pipe with the blade of a clasp-knife.

"You better go off to bed," he told Holper brusquely. "And don't bleat so much about where you been . . . especially about being in here. The old un'd skin you alive."

"I won't say nothing," Holper said. "He told you to go to Currawilla. It's all right if he told you."

"Of course it's all right," Jedidah said, not unkindly. "Go to bed." She gathered up the empty plates and rinsed them at a tap in a far corner.

As Holper rose after picking his hat from the floor he found his shoulders in the grasp of iron fingers.

Pete Gorrik was whispering, his beard almost touching the other's face, "Remember the whip. It cuts out pieces, great long red pieces."

He shoved Holper through the door roughly, and kicked it to with his foot as Jedidah turned.

"Ain't no cause for two in the

one house to pick on un," she remarked coldly.

"Pah!" Gorrik said disgustedly. "He makes me sick."

"It makes me sick, too," she said, picking up the plate of mutton and disappearing with it into the pantry, "thinking of the manner o' man he might have been if . . ." Her voice trailed away.

"If Steen hadn't walloped him so much," Gorrik finished for her, grinning. "Some day I shouldn't wonder, he'll make the old un pay

He said coolly, "Well, it wouldn't surprise me if Holper turned on him one of these days." His eyes lifted for an instant to the smoke-blackened wall where, above the stove, there was looped, snake-like over a hook, a brown leather whip.

"Holper ain't got the courage," she said.

"No?"

"If he was going to do it he'd done it long ago. Old un's no cause to be scared of him."

Pete Gorrik was filling his pipe slowly. "Perhaps you're right," he agreed.

She said, "If I was you I wouldn't let old un hear you askin' questions of Holper. You've only got daffie's word for things he says."

"Even if they weren't true," he said reflectively, "but Holper thought they was, it's a reason why he'd want to get even."

"Holper doesn't think about gettin' even."

"I don't know," he said. "I think he's getting cunning. I think he drinks on the sly."

"Alcohol?" Her tone was contemptuous. "Where would he get it?"

"We-el," he said, "it's only a guess, but he's been eating something to stop his breath smelling. Didn't you notice? Musks."

She said, frowning, "May-be likes musks."

He nodded. "But when we was at Currawilla I lost track of him . . . most half a day and he wouldn't say where he'd been. Then while he was having a wash, I find this in his coat pocket." He showed her a small paper bag, pointing to the printing upon it.

"It says Dandaloo Pharmacy. D'you remember how he kept on saying he'd been to Currawilla? He kept on and on. Sort of making sure we knew he'd been there and nowhere else. It wouldn't surprise me if he'd whipped across to Dandaloo."

The Lady Who Came to Call (Impressions)



AS Jedidah stood staring at him, anxious lines creasing her brow, Pete Gorrik dived into his vest pocket and produced the stub of a pencil.

"What date is it?" he asked abruptly.

"How should I know?" she said. "Do it make any difference here? Seven days and it's church time, that's all I know."

He crossed to the passage door and swung it shut. Behind was a calendar with a lithographic picture of Red Indians careering about a covered wagon. He ran his finger along the numbers.

"Here it is," he said. "February second . . . the day Uncle Reff went to Perth. I'll put an X against it so you'll remember. Some time when I'm Dandaloo way, I'll pop in at the pharmacy and find out if Holper was there on that date."

"Buying musk lollies?" she sneered. "Lots do. Chemist wouldn't remember."

He reminded her, meaningly: "Chemists sell lots of other things."

After a thoughtful moment she made a motion of impatient dissent. "Bah!" she said, "you're giving him credit for more brains than is in his poor dazed head. Holper couldn't plan out nothin'."

He was bending to strike a match on the sole of his boot. "You could hardly blame him, now could you . . . if he was thinking along certain lines? He's had a dog's life."

"He ain't the only one," she said dryly.

"Guess that's true, Jedidah," he agreed. "Must have been bad here for you."

"Funny, ain't it," she said, "how some as think so much of Heaven can make so much hell for other folks?"

He nodded gravely. "Wonder you stood it. Bet there's been times when you could've poisoned him yourself." He guffawed. "It'd be a sight seeing him lying there sick to death of something you dished him up in a pie, say . . . and knowing you did it. Old Jedidah having the laugh on him after all those years."

"It'd suit you fine," she said, contemptuously. "I'm for bed."

Please turn to page 41

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Better in 3 wonderful ways!



1 Hooray! Whites, washed in New Persil, are **WHITER THAN EVER BEFORE** and as for my coloureds - yellows, reds, greens are so much **BRIGHTER** - browns, blues, greys look **RICHER** than I thought possible!



2 And so easy to use! Simply sprinkle New Persil into the water, swish with the hand and those oxygen-charged suds are ready for work

for whites
for colours



3 In a **BIGGER, BRIGHTER** packet, too! Another good reason why I'll always buy New Persil!

GET NEW *better-than-ever* PERSIL NOW - SEE THE **EXTRA DAZZLE** IN ALL YOUR WASH!



Save Your Children Untold Grief and Pain

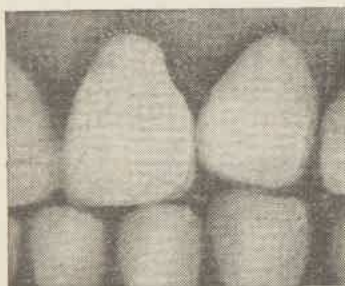
Like every mother and father you want your children to grow up with strong healthy teeth, free from cavities or fillings. Up to now the dentifrice your children used could help little to prevent cavities. Tooth decay means pain for the children and expense for you! Think of what your prompt action may mean

—fewer cavities, less decay, healthier teeth. Insist that your children use Ivorite twice daily, once after breakfast and once after the evening meal. You will be glad to set the example yourself by using Ivorite to prevent cavities in your own teeth.

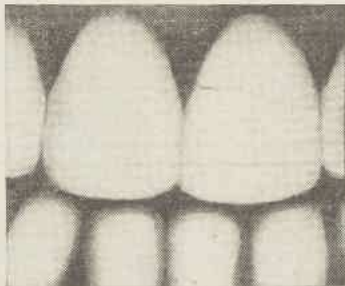
Tooth Decay Reduced by Amazing New Discovery

New Ammoniated Tooth Powder in Australia . . . "IVORITE" to help Prevent Dental Cavities!

HOW THE NEW AMMONIUM THERAPY PROTECTS YOUR TEETH



Unhealthy Mouth: (a) *Lactobacillus acidophilus*, acid producing microbes, usually flourish in such mouths.



Healthy Mouth: (b) Typical of mouths where *Lactobacillus acidophilus* count is low. Ivorite reduces L. count.

Every time you eat sweets, chemicals called enzymes change the sweets to acid—the acid starts eating away at your teeth. Most of the tooth-decay enzymes are created by an organism in your mouth called *Lactobacillus acidophilus*. Ivorite not only gets rid of the *L. acidophilus*, but also slows down the process by which enzymes turn sugar into acid and neutralises acid

already formed, then it goes on to do still another vital job. The local points of decay in your mouth are gluey coatings on certain areas of your teeth which act as catchalls for bacteria. These coatings soak up the acid and hold it close to the tooth enamel—right where it will do the most harm. Ivorite's final coup is to break down those gluey accumulations. Regular use of

Ivorite keeps the mouth free of these danger areas, and in doing so, eliminates the cause of unpleasant breath that originates in the mouth. For the best results, the mouth should not be rinsed with water after using Ivorite. The residue should be left there, where it will keep your mouth feeling fresh and clean all day.

This new development, a blend of urea and dibasic ammonium phosphate, is for adults as well and involves no greater effort than merely brushing your teeth twice a day—once after breakfast and once after the evening meal. It is not claimed that ammonium-ion is a cure-all, but there is plenty of evidence that this discovery does effectively prevent decay caused by acid formed in the mouth. Ivorite, the first of the ammoniated tooth powders to reach the Australian market, contains the same formula that has obtained greater public acceptance than any other in America, and holds promise of fewer cavities, less tooth decay. Now for the first time with Ivorite, you and your children can help protect your teeth against decay as you give them your regular daily cleaning. Ivorite is a new dentifrice containing a formula proven by American public acceptance, now

on the Australian market. Look at your teeth in the mirror—count the fillings—how much pain and trouble could have been saved if Ivorite had been discovered when you were a child—how much can you save your children by starting them on Ivorite to-day? Yes, for adults and children alike, regular daily use of Ivorite works to reduce the rate of new cavities, promote healthier teeth. Ivorite cleans your teeth to gleaming brightness and sweetens your breath instantly. Up to now, dentifrices could clean and brighten your teeth but contained no effective anti-decay ingredient, but Ivorite does contain this important factor, together with the best ingredients for keeping your teeth healthy and bright. Ivorite may be bought at all chemists and stores. Start to-day to fight decay with Ivorite!

Effective for Children and Adults

U.S. PRESS TELLS OF NEW FORMULA'S EFFECTIVENESS

The nation's press heralded the discovery of the new formula with rare enthusiasm; pages upon pages were devoted to telling the American public how the discovery was made and what it does to help prevent decay.

"A revolutionary new way to prevent tooth decay . . . promises to make history," said "Reader's Digest" in its article on ammoniated tooth powders. With such national acceptance there is no reason to delay. Buy Ivorite Tooth Powder for your whole family to-day.

Tooth Powder Only Medium For New Formula

The only method by which urea and dibasic ammonium phosphate can be effectively used is in the form of a tooth powder. All efforts to produce it as a tooth-paste have met with failure as the two vital ingredients cannot be stabilised in paste form.

HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA NO SUBSTITUTE

American scientists have warned the public against brushing teeth with household ammonia. It is entirely different from the chemical substances used in the ammonium-ion dentifrices. For best protection teeth should be brushed immediately after each meal. Get Ivorite to-day and protect your teeth from decay.

Protect your teeth with

Ivorite
THE AMMONIATED TOOTH POWDER

Ivorite works to prevent the cause of tooth decay. Protect your teeth with Ivorite!
★ Ask your chemist or store for Ivorite to-day.



2/-

DISTRIBUTED IN AUSTRALIA BY CLINTON WILLIAMS

GORRIK was loath to let the woman go. "I wonder what took the old man to the city," he said, and leered. "He's rare lusty for all he's past sixty. My, my, Jedidah. Suppose before we know it he picks himself a wife right under our noses and gets him a son. Where'll we be then, old girl . . . you and me?"

She paused with her hand on the knob of the passage door. "I got no expectations," she said, tonelessly.

"I've heard him tell often enough you're in the will."

"I been in and out of his will more times than I can count," she told him. "I don't reckon on nothin' cause I know he don't mean it."

She mimicked: "To my handmaid, Jedidah, I will and bequeath . . . but there's always a lawyer's way o' knockin' it over. Just now I'm in if he don't have kids."

"If he were to peg now, you'd get a nice little nest-egg. You could kick up your heels." He slapped his thigh. "By golly, Jedidah. Reckon you better dish old Reff that pie like I said before it's too late."

He watched her narrowly. "Might as well tell you I got my eye on a woman."

She was interested at once. "Who?"

"Nora Kaye."

Her laugh was sardonic. "Old un can smell brimstone a mile off," she said. "He'll have none o' your Nora Kayes. When he wants you to marry he'll do the pickin'."

"A man should have a say in his own marrying."

"A man should have a say in lots of things, but I never seen anything in trousers 'bout here who was a man when Reff Steen was around. Only was two people who ever stood up to him. One's daft and one's dead." She looked her scorn.

"If there was a man here he'd ditch himself to a horse and ride some place and get his own woman and make his own way 'stead of waiting for dead men's shoes."

"Talk's cheap, old woman," Gorrik said. "You've stayed here long enough."

"I ain't a man."

He said petulantly: "He can't live forever."

"There's twenty years at least in

Poison in the House

Continued from page 39

them bones," Jedidah said. "He'll see me out for all his talk o' watchin' us from his grave yonder."

"I know," Pete said, ruefully. "He's tough. Twenty years. That'd make me fifty. Old and worn out by the blighter. Like you . . . shrivelled up!"

She shrugged bony shoulders.

"You should learn you a good prayer that he'll be threw by a horse," she said, and laughed mirthlessly. "You got to remember you ain't real kin, and he could cut you out to-morrow."

He was rubbing his beard with rough fingers.

"I'm not kidding myself the old devil loves me," he said. "He's never forgiven me for clearing out in the gold rush, and then in sudden outburst, 'I'd like to know all that's happened in this house.'"

"You ain't likely to learn."

"Even Holper's afraid to tell."

"No one 'd believe a daftie, anyway. Let the past be. What's the use o' diggin' up what was?"

"I dunno," he said, slowly, chewing it over. He looked at her shrewdly. "If Reff Steen . . ."

"If Reff Steen thought you was pryin' he'd have you out of here to-night and out of his will to-morrow."

"It must have been something bad," he said, reflectively. "I bet it was."

"He'll take it to his grave."

"Well," he said, affecting lightness, "the sooner he gets there the better for us all, eh? You, me, Holper." The levity left his voice and he went on with earnestness. "We'd all be a sight better off, wouldn't we? I'd treat you right . . . and Holper."

"Would you?" she asked dryly. She came back into the room and leaned her knuckles on the board table, staring across at him. "Perhaps you're thinkin' I'll make that pie you spoke about. Well, maybe I might. But suppose you took a bite of it, too. Ever think of that?"

She turned at once and went into the passage, shutting the door after her, leaving him gazing after her in astonishment. He was a slow thinker

and a poor reasoner with an uneducated approach.

Cunning in a primitive way, he could imagine Reff Steen dead at his suggestion, or by his connivance, and he, Peter Gorrik, master of all Pelvernon. But he had never visualised Pelvernon without either Reff or himself.

"What if you took a bite, too?" He put his pipe away and stood, gnawing his knuckles. "The old so-and-so," he thought uneasily. "She'd have nothing to lose."

Reff Steen was pleased with himself. The edge of his high, starched collar irked his neck, and his feet ached in the elastic-sided boots which his trouser-ends inadequately hid, but he was still pleased.

He walked down the steps of the bank building in Perth and trod the hard, unaccustomed pavement till the passing crowds bothered him, and, going into an unpromising cafe, he bought himself a fourpenny pot of tea.

Stirring the tea, he reviewed his late interview with satisfaction, gazing through the shop door at the hurrying pedestrians but seeing nothing but a deferential bank manager. "Good-bye, Mr. Steen. It's been a pleasure, Mr. Steen."

He'd got Hucksditch! Every acre of it, every stick and stone of it, every tree and blade of grass, every sheep, cow, and hen, and for a song. He wished there was someone he could tell about it.

REFF STEEN

sat back in his chair, his satisfaction deepening as his thoughts went on.

He was now no longer the owner of Pelvernon only, but of Steve Garvie's adjoining Hucksditch, the property the young wastrel had permitted to drift into decay and ultimate bankruptcy.

Out he'd go the moment the bank formalities were complete. A month, say; perhaps less. Out he'd go, neck and crop, and a good thing, too.

Let him go ahead now, and turn himself into a doctor or a lawyer or whatever fool thing he'd wanted to be. He'd certainly tried his hand at enough things while his father was there to pay for his follies.

To Reff Steen it was a hurtful thing to see trees unpruned, fences forgotten, and crops neglected while their owner gallivanted in crowded cities and half the farm laborers in the district loafed on him and laughed at him behind his back.

Garvie's forebears, like Steen's, had fought hard to wrest the land from the reluctant aborigines, who, with heathen obstinacy, had made things tough for the pioneers.

Steen remembered well an exciting day when they'd come, a painted, shrieking rabble, brandishing spears. He'd sat in a tree and shot three himself . . . and he'd been only fifteen then.

But it had come right. The Lord had given Hucksditch into better hands.

It'd mean work. Pete Gorrik would have to put his back into it. Petel The old man frowned. Pete wasn't a Steen, just a distant connection, and once he'd deserted the land when it needed him most.

His head bowed over his cup with the bitterness of his thought. Up in the country where he was king he was too busy to think of it, but here, in the midst of a bustling city, he was suddenly aware how greedy he was alone.

All he had was Pelvernon, and now Hucksditch, and if he died to-morrow every loving acre, every hard-won pound at interest would go to a man he didn't trust, except for a pittance for Jedidah, whom he despised.

WELL, Steen suddenly decided, there was only one answer to that. He wouldn't die. His eyes closed in prayer. "Protect thy servant, Lord, that he may labor in the vineyard."

A girl came into the shop and seated herself at a neighboring table. She was young, pretty, alert, well-dressed, and self-assured.

Reff Steen had never seen her before and was never likely to see her again, but, as she met his gaze for one brief, steady moment and then composedly ignored him, his brow grew thunderous, and his mind became a whirlwind of bitterness that swept away his recent triumph and made him conscious of one thing only.

The city, this place of huddled wickedness where evil was openly flaunted and painted drabs paraded their vice, had bred the wanton whom he had threatened unavailingly and who, even after death, had had the better of him. Of him, Reff Steen, who had had his way in all things and, please God, in future always would.

Abruptly he rose, and, leaving his tea untasted, stalked out into the hot, crowded street.

He walked solemnly as befitted a man of integrity and importance, ignoring the store windows flaunting their immodest display of women's apparel, passing the saloons with lips set in grim disapproval.

Only once did he turn his head. The sudden and surprising tinkle of a badly tuned piano almost on the street startled him, and, following the sound, he found himself staring at a poster depicting two lissom, winking women kicking at the stars, their stockinged legs peeping provocatively from a foam of white underwear.

The artist had contrived a piquant blending of lasciviousness and learning by placing a mortar board on the head of each lady and draping on each pair of shoulders a short academic gown.

Mr. Steen averted his eyes and strode highmindedly towards the Temperance Hotel, unaware that a name had registered in his subconscious and, for one flashing moment, destiny had stared him in the face.

To be continued

Better Hearing Save Money

with this midget

HEARING AID BATTERY

If you use a hearing aid you will save money with Eveready "Mini-Max" hearing aid "B" batteries. Their unique, flat cell construction puts power in the space that is wasted in ordinary batteries. Size for size they cost less per hour of use than "B" batteries of conventional round cell construction.

Let us equip your hearing aid with fresh Eveready hearing aid batteries today.

EVEREADY
MINI-MAX

Hearing Aid Batteries

*Oh! my
sore chest!*

For the relief of
Chest Colds,
Chills, Pleurisy,
Pneumonia,
always use

**WAWN'S
WONDER
WOOL**



Here's the Electric Dry Shaver

for every

man in
the house

It's the NEW

SUPER SHERNAL

You can buy "twentieth century shaving" for only £5/19/6, for that's all the Super Sernal Electric Dry Shaver costs.

You can shave with a Super Sernal anywhere there's a 200/240-volt supply—A.C. or D.C. Its 20,000 cutting movements a minute ensure rapid, closer, smoother shaving. The "hair-trap" collects the shorn whiskers. The Super Sernal mows down the toughest beard but does not harm the tenderest skin.

The Super Sernal is available in three colours. It's still the cheapest and best electric dry shaver on the market.

£5:19:6

Ask to see the Super Sernal at any of the stores displaying the yellow and red circular sign on the window.

7A18-10



ELDERLY BUT NEVER ILL

FAMILY HEALTH RULE KEEPS RHEUMATISM AT BAY

"It's more years than we care to remember since an old friend of my husband's family put us on to the habit of taking the small daily dose of Kruschen Salts. Since then we've scarcely had a day's illness—certainly nothing serious. When we hear of friends of our own age suffering with rheumatism and old people's complaints we realise just how much we owe to Kruschen."

"I can assure you we are a family of confirmed 'Kruschen regulars'."

CLEANSE YOUR SYSTEM OF POISONOUS WASTES

The world's best health assurance is to always place paramount importance on keeping your system free of poisonous wastes which, if retained, may seep into the bloodstream and lead to painful rheumatic ailments.

Kruschen's skillful combination of six salts stimulates the liver and washes out the kidneys and helps them to keep the system cleansed of poisonous wastes.

TWO WAYS TO TAKE KRUSCHEN

MEDICINAL DOSE. Sufferers from severe muscular pains and aching joints of rheumatism, lumbago, etc., need one teaspoonful of Kruschen taken daily in a tumbler of hot water before breakfast.

"LITTLE DAILY DOSE." As much Kruschen as would cover a teaspoon is dissolved in the first morning cup of tea or coffee. Yet it has a stimulating tonic effect, tones up the system, corrects constipation.

KRUSCHEN SALTS
1/8 and 2/9
at Chemists and Grocers.

The Tonic Effect of Kruschen Keeps Millions of People Fit.

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Life story of Madeleine Smith re-enacted in film

Ann Todd plays title role of famous murder suspect

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in London

Ann Todd is playing the most exacting role of her career as the central figure in a famous British murder trial.

At Pinewood, Ann is all crinolines and a spurious demureness for her part of Madeleine Smith, daughter of a highly respected Glasgow family, whose trial for the murder of her French lover, Pierre Emile l'Angelier, in 1857, caused a sensation throughout the world.

THE trial ended with the verdict, "Not proven."

Ann, now 37, has to portray a girl who is described in "Notable British Trials" as: "Only twenty-one years of age, handsome, with a bright, hard, defiant beauty, a beauty unabashed by an experience that might well have ravaged it."

In spite of the fierce light that had beaten upon her and her doings, in spite of the way her past life had been examined and pored over, it remained mysterious then and so does to this day.

And this is exactly the way the film will leave it—a gigantic question mark, an exploration into the mind of a young, passionate Scottish girl whose lips remained sealed and who alone knew whether she poisoned her lover.

When Ann Todd comes off the set to her little dressing cabin in a corner of the huge sound stage, her billowing crinolines almost fill the room. She has a hard time getting in and out of the door. "Twice

they've yelled their heads off for me on the set while I've been stuck and yelling back for someone to get me out of it," she smiled.

To rest, she sits down over a little stool and looks rather like an ornamental tea-caddy.

The crucial point of the film comes when she offers her lover, played by French newcomer Ivan Desny, a cup of cocoa. "In the dialogue which follows, every word I say and every shadow of expression which flits across my face assumes an enormous significance for the audience. But they must be kept strictly in doubt, right to the end," said Ann.

"We had to take that scene an endless number of times before David Lean, director, was satisfied.

"You know, it's very tricky not to look too guilty when you've got some very meaning dialogue to say. You can look demure, even kitchish, and yet still look guilty to an audience."

That was the way Madeleine



ANN TODD wears this beautiful moire satin ball dress trimmed with sequin net for her role of Madeleine Smith in the Cineguild production, "Madeleine," directed by Ann's husband, David Lean. The dress was designed by Margaret Furze, who bought the satin second-hand from a roll of material fifty years old.

Smith looked to the jury, and that was the reason for the verdict of "Not proven."

For her lover died from a large dose of arsenic. They found her letters, and the secret of their affair was put. Madeleine Smith was

accused of murder, and her trial lasted for nine days.

The speeches on both sides were brilliant, but Madeleine's defence was a model of legal strategy.

"Madeleine" has been on the floor at the studios since April. Ace director David Lean (who is Ann's new husband) is taking his usual endless pains to produce another success to match his triumphs in "Brief Encounter," "Great Expectations," "Oliver Twist," and "The Passionate Friends."

We'd like to put our charms around you

How Warner's 3-Way-Sizes can curve a beautiful, comfy you



Warner's Alphabet bras are "individually yours" because they're designed to meet your individual figure requirements.

3-Way-Sizing is the secret. And that means you can find a Warner's bra in your very own cup size . . . your choice of band . . . and with just the degree of uplift you want. You'll never see bras that will fit you as beautifully as Warner's Le Gant.

Illustrated is one of Warner's newest Alphabet bras, in lovely satin and lace—A cup, sizes 32-36; B and C cup, 32-38.

CHOOSE YOUR BAND

No more binding or underarm spread—Warner's have bras with deep bands, narrow bands, elastic Sta-Down bands, or no band at all, whichever is most personally yours!



CHOOSE YOUR CUP SIZE

Among Warner's bevy of beauty you'll find not one or two—but four—cup sizes. What a boon and a blessing for figures ordinarily difficult to fit!

CHOOSE YOUR UPLIFT

Some women want a real lift, others just a little. Warner's have everything from bras that lift a little to those that lift a lot—so you must get perfect fit.

At all good stores

WARNER'S Le Gant

• Corsettes
• Girdles • Bras

W.19.27

FUNNYMAN



JERRY SIEGEL
and
JOE SHUSTER

Comedian LARRY DAVIS disguises himself as FUNNYMAN, using trick gadgets in his reversible suit to fight crime. BIGHEAD, a criminal with magnetic power over inanimate objects, is able to rob banks from a safe distance. Larry confronts him, and sees Bighead's Mental Miracle Machine. The criminal tells Larry that he will give him proof of the machine's power.



by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Guard against disappointments from September 8. Health or working conditions of self or partner could cause some temporary loss or difficulty. Things may not ease until September 12, but there are bright prospects ahead.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Go gently with romantic attachments this week. Avoid extravagance or increased expenditure during September 8 and 9. Look well into all new ideas on September 10 and 11.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Quite a good week if you can curb restlessness. September 10 and 11 find you engaged in flights of imagination. Don't live too much in the clouds this week.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Activity to do with relatives or domestic affairs may keep you busy this week. Someone may go away, correspondence may have to be attended to, or a removal may be on the cards. The most active days are September 7, 8, 9, and 10.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): Carefulness and prudence should be exercised in social and family expenditure from September 8. If you go following hunches from September 10, see that you are on the right track. September 12 and 13 are steadier days.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Your personal affairs can be quite interesting this week if you avoid unnecessary financial rashness during September 8 and 9. Some bright ideas could benefit you on September 10 and 11.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): Your social or business world needs careful handling this week, especially on September 8 and 9. Avoid all risky or doubtful proposals during September 10 and 11, and do not neglect health. Better opportunities from September 12.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 22): Do not rely too much on friends this week. Keep your own counsel and avoid conflict. Some temporary loss or separation could mark September 7, 8, or 9, while September 10 and 11 are rather deceptive. Best date is September 13.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): Extravagance or over-optimism could spoil career prospects this week. Use care with all business associates or social groups until after September 11, when conditions are more favorable.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Use care this week lest you become too expansive and conflict with those in authority. Legal, government, relatives, travel, or distant affairs could color September 8, 9, 10, and 11.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Don't rely on the advice of another, especially where your financial interests are at stake, for some loss or disappointment could occur nearing September 9. In decisions from September 10, rely on your own judgment.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): A difficult week for personal affairs and partnerships. Adverse days are September 7, 8, 9, and 10. Be careful in money matters and avoid impracticable propositions. Best date, September 12.

[The Astrologist, Wynne Turner, presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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Snow-white, gentle MUM contains no irritating crystals. It is harmless to the coldest skin. Yet MUM checks underarm odor, and gives safe, sure protection all day long, and all evening, too. MUM contains no harsh ingredients to rot or discolor the finest of fabrics. MUM is gentle, safe, and economical—it doesn't dry in the jar, and is easy and quick to use, even after you're dressed.



MUM
(TAKES THE ODOR OUT
OF PERSPIRATION)

QUICK-EZE GIVE QUICK RELIEF FROM

ACIDITY

INDIGESTION, HEART-BURN,
EXCESS STOMACH ACID,
AFTER-MEAL PAINS



Quick-Eze Antacid Tablets give you quick relief. After-meal pain caused by flatulence is eased in a matter of seconds. Simply chew a Quick-Eze or two after eating. They'll help digestion and prevent excess acid forming. At the first sign of after-meal discomfort, stop it with Quick-Eze.

HEED THESE WARNINGS!

Excess stomach acid can be health-destroying. Its symptoms are sourness, heart-burn, pains after eating, drowsiness. Neglect of these warnings can result in dangerous, chronic disorders, including stomach ulcers. Correct your digestion in the simple way with Quick-Eze. You can depend upon their efficacy and they are as pleasant to chew as a lolly. If they don't give relief, see your doctor!



New, Rapid-Acting Prescription.
No mixing, no spilling, simple to take

The Quick-Eze pack in purse or pocket takes up no more room than lipstick or pen. Just nip off a tablet or two as needed. No water needed, no public embarrassment. The most convenient and simple-to-take of any digestive aid.

In the new, spill-proof
pack that fits pocket
or purse

Quick-Eze are hygienically packed in inconspicuous gift-tall wrap, dust-proof, spill-proof, luvy-proof. Carry a pack always handy in your waistcoat pocket, purse or handbag.

Fresh
mint
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QUICK-EZE for INDIGESTION 6^d per pkt.

TALKING OF FILMS

By
Marjorie Beckingsale

★★ Joan Of Arc

IF "Joan of Arc" is not remembered as one of Hollywood's best achievements in the grand style, it is not the fault of Ingrid Bergman, whose acting is imbued with genuine spiritual fervor.

As R.K.O.'s version of the tragedy of the Maid of Orleans unfolds through its unusually long screening time, the role of Joan becomes more lifelike, and its star more touching in her portrayal.

The picture, which was made under the direction of Victor Fleming, is magnificently decorative, but at times curiously static.

The script—written by playwright Maxwell Anderson and Andrew Solt, and based on Anderson's stage triumph in which Miss Bergman starred—rarely has the vitality I expected. The trial is too prolonged, though the prison scenes are beautifully written.

During the opening scenes at Domremy and the beginning of the following sequence, at Vaucouleurs, I found it difficult to accept the portrayal of Joan as the divinely inspired peasant girl. The story seemed just a huge colored pageant.

It was only when Joan entered the Dauphin's Court and silenced the chattering courtiers and the effete Dauphin (Jose Ferrer) that her tragedy started to come to life.

The battle scenes are done in excellent medieval manner, but the drama becomes more gripping after Joan's capture and her trial at Rouen.

Joan's long months of prison ordeal, her denial of her "voices," and her final martyrdom and despairing cry give Miss Bergman the chance to show her complete absorption in the part she is playing.

Careful selection of the supporting cast brings good results, notably with stage star Jose Ferrer as the vacillating Dauphin, and J. Carroll Nash as the Duke of Burgundy.

Portly English actor Francis L. Sullivan, as the Bishop of Beauvais, leader of Joan's accusers, is too theatrical and has been poorly treated with his script lines.

Among the small character parts, the most memorable are Taylor Holmes, as the Bishop of Avranches, and Shepperd Strudwick, as Father Massieu.

The film is at the Century.

★★ The Small Voice

THE English film "The Small Voice" recalls a recent American production, "The Dark Past."

Each deals with the hold-up in their home of a married couple by an escaped murderer and the psychological effect of the situation on the nervous system of the criminal, even more than its effect on his prisoners.

The English film is much less pretentious than the American, and its stars, Valerie Hobson, James Donald, and Harold Keel, are more believable.

The camera is not always very kind to Miss Hobson, a reliable actress, but it is focused well on the two men—both of whom are newcomers.

James Donald plays the war-scarred author whose actress wife finds she cannot cope with his moods. During their final week-end in the country, they are involved with three escaped criminals headed by Harold Keel.



SHIRLEY TEMPLE and her husband, John Agar, play a vibraphone duet at their Hollywood home in Brentwood. Both are enthusiastic amateur musicians and have become expert in hammering out tunes on the electrically controlled instrument.

Keel is an American, and a graduate from the stage musical comedy "Oklahoma!" but he looks to me as if he might do better in films as he has plenty of assurance and personality.

A couple of well-trained children appear, and the continuous screams of pain from the small boy who is ill finally drives the leading gangster to nervous breaking point so that he sacrifices his life.

His refusal to allow his prisoners to call a doctor and their efforts to escape from the house provide most of the action.

The London Films release is at the Esquire.

★★ London Belongs To Me

REALISATION of the promising screen material provided by Norman Collins' book "London Belongs To Me" results in a film of stout British calibre.

In one apartment house in London live an assortment of characters whose personal lives become entwined when one of them, a brash Cockney boy with delusions of grandeur, gets himself into a proper spot of bother.

There are middle-aged Mr. and Mrs. Jossie (played to complete perfection by Wylie Watson and Fay Compton), their pretty, spirited daughter Doris (Susan Shaw), the Cockney boy, Percy Boon (Richard Attenborough), the wrinkled but spirited Condie (Ivy St. Helier), the righteous widow, Mrs. Vizard (Joyce Carey), and the phony spiritualist (Alistair Sim).

From outside the house there comes gruff Uncle Harry (Stephen Murray), a self-appointed political evangelist.

The choice of every person in the cast has been made with the efficiency for which the producing-directing team of Lauder and Gilliat has been noted during the past few years.

The film (released by J. Arthur Rank) marks the new policy of British first-release films at the Tatler, and is one which should start the season on good box-office lines.

★ Sand

IF the human actors in "Sand" had been chosen by a studio lottery, it wouldn't have mat-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

tered much, because all the honors go to a splendid chestnut stallion and glorious Colorado scenery (in technicolor).

However, the fact that Mark Stevens, Coleen Gray, and Rory Calhoun were chosen to play in the story, written by Will James, will please their fans.

Typical school holiday material—and very well handled it is—"Sand" has nothing to do with deserts and burning suns.

The title apparently refers to the courage of a horse called Jubilee, which is frightened by a train fire into escaping into the mountains of Colorado, and then refuses to be caught by his owner (Mark Stevens) or anyone else.

Stevens makes friends with a ranchowner and his daughter, and from their home starts his many attempts to capture Jubilee. His final successful one occurs just when the horse is about to be killed as an outlaw.

The dialogue is homely and straightforward, and there are no boring sequences—no tear-jerker ones, either.

Mountain lions, rattlesnakes, a wise-looking beaver, and a horde of horses further embellish the background in which lavish nature has been faithfully photographed by technicolor.

The Twentieth Century-Fox film is at the Plaza.

SILENT film star Polly Moran joins the cast of Red Skelton's new M.G.M. comedy "Yellow Cab Man."

ENGLISH film star Stewart Granger is losing thirty pounds in weight at Cannes before coming to America for an American movie career.

GENE LOCKHART will play a pompous lawyer in M.G.M.'s "The Big Hangover," with Van Johnson and Elizabeth Taylor.

HILTON



HCB

Smart women everywhere want super-sheer stockings
that fit perfectly and make legs look lovelier - that's why
HILTON *Wally Dream* nylons are Australia's most sought-after nylons.

HILTON FULL FASHIONED Nylon *Stockings*

LOVELY TO LOOK AT - LOVELIER TO WEAR

"...it's **DEFINITELY**
the kind of make-up
that **DOES** things
for you!"



Evening in Paris

BY BOURJOIS



FACE POWDER — ROUGE — PERFUME — LIPSTICK



Delightful — to — use
DEFINITELY NOT EXPENSIVE

'Boudoir' Brush in Pale
Pink, Crystal or Pale Blue
Sells at ... 16/6
Also everywhere the other
FORTUNE brush the
'Salon' selling at ... 13/6

Fortune
MOISTURE RESISTANT PURE NYLON BRISTLES
IN EVERY WAY THE
PERFECT HAIR BRUSH

Made especially for and distributed to the wholesale trade by Leader Ltd., Adelaide.
Prices are for state of manufacture. prices in distant areas may be slightly higher.

NEW!...a cream deodorant

which safely **STOPS**
under-arm **PERSPIRATION**

1. Does not rot dresses or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly stops perspiration 1 to 3 days. Removes odors from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure, white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of an international institute of laundering for being harmless to fabric.

Small jars 1/-; large jars 2/3

ARRID THE LARGEST
SELLING
DEODORANT



1 KIDNAPPED actress Eleanor Collier (Betty Hutton) insists to captors that her visit to murdered man was to seek job and she did not see killer.



2 TROUBLE began for Eleanor when her fiancé, theatre director Danny James (Victor Mature), disagreed with press agent Baxter (William Demarest) about publicity Baxter had planned to gain attention for Eleanor.

Red Hot and Blue



3 DINING with eccentric millionaire Alex Creek (Raymond Walburn), Eleanor soon became involved in cafe brawl.

AFTER a semi-serious role in "Dream Girl," Betty Hutton returns to the screen in one of the type of madcap comedies with music in which she first won success.

She is co-starred with Victor Mature in a brisk story of the theatre written by Hagar Wilde.

Three songs are included—"I Wake Up," "Now That I Need You," and "That's Loyalty." They are by Frank Loesser, composer of the international hit tune "Slow Boat to China."

Australian John Farrow directed the Paramount film.



4 RECONCILED with Danny, Eleanor promised to be more careful about publicity ideas, and Danny offered to help her.



5 DISAPPOINTED about failure of plan for her job with Danny, Eleanor told him and her friend Sandra (June Havoc) that Baxter had made appointment for her to see theatre backer at his home.



6 AFTER SHOOTING, when Eleanor is kidnapped by gangsters and becomes centre of publicity, Danny works with the police to rescue his impulsive fiancée.

CROSSWORD No. 58

ACROSS

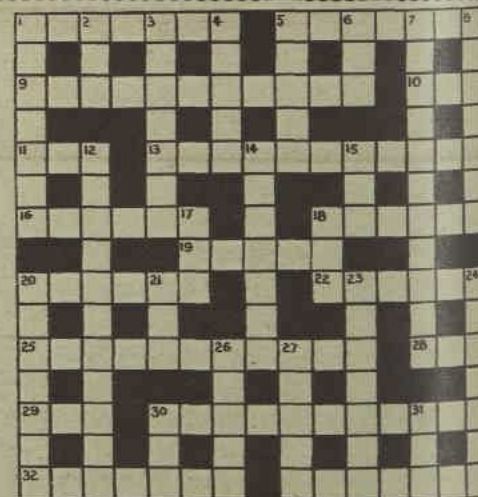
1. More fed in a mess in State without restraint (7).
5. In the matter of place inside to marry which was of outstanding height (7).
9. How to estimate the extent of King Thomas the Tiny's reign? (4, 2, 5).
10. How we estimate the total extent of our own figures (3).
11. To soak with milk would make us unmanly (3).
12. Name the woman who should be the last to pamper her little Mary, but does! (11).
16. A trap's set for the return home of the fearless Greeks (6).
18. The sum you can be expected to pay over for junketing! (6).
19. Are in a state of wild anger when covered with hair (5).
20. Repeater of the rebuke in the statute overacts in here (3, 3).
22. Now a Commonwealth peer. I'm a new order creation (5).
23. American servicemen in the stuff of justice (11).
28. Give a considerable number this block of land (3).
29. Possess (3).
30. Fanciful unity the Three Wise Men have inborn (11).
32. How a shaver prepares the operators of a (turning machine)? (7).
33. Theatre (anag.) (7).

DOWN

1. New Sherwood in the front roads (7).
2. Only a saint could make this fish knife sharper (3).
3. We have to spot its contents or mother will be the sole cleaner (7).
4. mxE (3).
5. Sincerely (5).
6. Be we after the cob? (3).
7. Dine late, sir? (anag.) (11).
8. Superlative description of the weir nuisance? (7).
12. Vegetable will take a long time on fishing tackle line—from 1154 to 1485 to be precise (11).
14. It's clear, Nero, but the student must leave the company shortly (7).
15. Not many will show where the forest's freedom may be found (3).
17. Places the stern get short measure (3).
18. Grain (3).
20. The man mentioned in 9 when stupid? (7).
21. Is misplaced here among the Downs (3).
23. The game lie broken in the distance (7).
24. Pray don't finish the entries at this place instead (7).
26. Max, you must get up and enter the untold outsiders proficiency test (5).
27. I had to make up one with the compass of a simpton (5).
30. Poultry a chicken mustn't use if it's frozen (3).
31. Fifteen in the matter of anger (3).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD CONTEST No. 54

ACROSS: 1—For-mid-able (dim turned). 6—Scot. 9—Granad/11/a. 10—O-pen. 12—Entitle (anag.). 13—Ho/1/st. 14—Trance. 16—Pussy-cat (anag.). 17—Tat (hidden). 18—Pa/milla/r. 19—In toto. 21—Audit. 22—Ba/ti/sle. 24—Pale. 25—Won-der-land. 26—Hood (door turned). 27—Ismaelita. DOWN: 1—P/g-men/t. 2—R-oast. 3—In-art-i-c-u-late. 4—A-lice. 5—L/1/p-u/t. 7—Capri-co-lo. 8—Tiny Tot. 11—Chestnut



tree. 15—Arm-a-dil-lo (lid turned). 16—Par. 17—T/a-pro-una. 18—Flapper. 20—Overdue (anag.). 22—Bed-lm. 23—Spah (hidden).

SOLUTION TO CROSSWORD No. 57

ACROSS: 1—Ba/bite/d. 5—Bat-tens. 6—Wolf-ram. 10—Car-cast. 11—The devil. 13—Met-eor (roe turned). 15—Mite (hidden). 16—P-a-r/our. 18—Ode. 21—Mirror. 22—Ko-ran. 25—Lootah (anag.). 26—Heat wave. 28—Mam-moth. 29—Prelude. 30—Scratch. 31—D-is-ent. DOWN: 1—Howitzer (anag.). 2—Bullet-in. 3—Three's m-en in a bo/at. 4—Dam. 5—Bac-k (cab turned). 6—Three Musketeers. 7—Enamel. 8—Sh/err/y. 12—In-form. 14—A-verse. 17—Ado. 19—Creature (anag.). 20—In-he-rent. 23—C-lumps. 24—Room-er (re Moor turned). 27—Shah (hidden). 29—Pad.

Prizes for Crossword Contest No. 54: £10 to Mrs. F. W. South, 26 Edward St., Summer Hill, N.S.W.; £5 to Mr. H. L. Harvey, 50 Salisbury Rd., Ipswich, Qld.; £5 to Mr. D. Buchanan, 56 Day St., Drummoyne, N.S.W. Cash prizes are now discontinued. Solution to Crossword No. 58 will be published next week.



'Holidays' — magical word, full of promise and excitement . . .
 'Tootal' — magical fabrics, bright as a butterfly wing, gay as a summer morning! Bring them together—and you have the very formula of enchantment, the promise of happy, carefree days with you at your loveliest in every mood . . .
 Tootal fabrics are the perfect complement to enjoyment because they look as elegant as the most fashion-conscious can desire, yet launder so perfectly and are incredibly hard-wearing. With their wonderful colour range, their variety of beautiful textures, their immediate response to styling, they can whirl you into a holiday mood as lively and long-lasting as themselves!

The word 'Tootal' is a Registered Trade Mark

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FABRICS



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NAIL POLISH

is a symbol of supreme beauty and charm

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Fascinating Peggy Sage Colours:
Regency... Clover... Vintage...
Dark Fire... Victorian Rose...
Heartbreak... Naturelle... Plain

A.P. 3-16

Youthifies... Beautifies

ADORABLY LOVELY
UNDER POWDER

CLEANSES AND
REFRESHES YOUR SKIN



CHARMOSAN
VANISHING AND COLD CREAMS
Also in handbag tubes

★ Use the NEW Lipstick Charmosan. It's indelible. In five NEW bewitching shades—Firefly, Red Robbin, Raspberry Bloom, Mellow Mauve, Cyclamen Glow, the modern cyclamen shade... exquisite for evening wear. 2/11 everywhere.



A FLATTERING two-tone combination weskit, which can be worn for hiking, horse-riding, and golf, provides extra warmth when required during spring weather.

Action-free for sportswear

Trim two-tone weskit

THIS weskit is specially designed for a 32 to 34 in. bust. In simply knitted stocking-stitch, the gay handknit would be useful for many seasons.

Materials: 4 skeins "Sun-Glo" Shrinkproof Crochet or 4-ply fingering wool, shade No. 2325 (Petunia), 2 skeins Shade No. 2185 (Maize), 1 pr. No. 10 needles, 6 buttons.

Measurements: Length from top of shoulder, 19 in.; bust, 32-34 in.

Tension: 13 sts. 2 in., 17 rows 2 in.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles and Petunia wool cast on 88 sts. Work in st-st. for 3 in. (working 1st row into back of sts.), then inc. 1 st. each end of every 6th row until inc. to 108 sts. When work measures 12 in. shape armholes by casting off 6 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows. K 2 tog. each end of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. When armholes measure 7 1/2 in. shape shoulders by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 6 rows. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and Petunia wool, cast on 3 sts. P into back of sts.

1st Row: Cast on 3 sts., k to end of row.

2nd Row: P twice into 1st st., p to last st., p twice into last st. Rep. last 2 rows until inc. to 53 sts.

Next Row: K to end, cast on 7 sts. at centre front edge to form facing. P 1 row. Cont. in st-st. for 3 in., then inc. 1 st. at the side seam

edge (end of P rows) every 6th row until inc. to 70 sts. When side seam measures 1 1/2 in. cast off 6 sts. at armhole edge, k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

Cont. to dec. 1 st. at centre front edge every 2nd row, k 2 tog. at armhole edge of the next 5 rows, then every 2nd row 5 times. Cont. to dec. at centre front every 2nd row until dec. to 31 sts. When armhole measures 7 1/2 in. shape shoulder by casting off 8 sts. at armhole edge every 2nd row 3 times. Work the rem. 7 sts. for 2 1/2 in. Cast off.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles and Maize wool, cast on 3 sts. P into back of sts.

1st Row: K to end, cast on 3 sts.

2nd Row: P twice into 1st st., p to last st., p twice into last st. Rep. last 2 rows until inc. to 53 sts.

Next Row: Cast on 7 sts. for front facing, k to end of row. P 1 row.

Next Row: K 1, cast off 3 sts., k 6, cast off 3 sts., k to end.

Next Row: P to last 7 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 6, cast on 3 sts., p 1.

Cont. in st-st., working shapings to correspond with left front and making 5 more buttonholes 1 1/2 in. apart.

TO MAKE UP

Press with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up seams. St. back 1 in. facing down each centre front, joining borders at back of neck. Make 1/2 in. hem along lower edge of each front and back of weskit and around armholes. Sew buttons on left front.



- ① Double stitched yokes
- ② Shaped body panels
- ③ Self covered buckle
- ④ 3" full box pleats back and front
- ⑤ Generous 4" hem

Tailored in Super quality 12 oz. navy twill. There's a store close by that stocks Lucas Tailor-Maid Tunics. We'll tell you its name if you let us know where you are. E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne.

Asthma-Bronchitis

**Congestion Dissolved—
Coughing, Choking
Stopped**

Choking, gasping, wheezing Asthma and Bronchitis poison your system, sap your energy, ruin your health and weaken your heart. Quickly Mendaco—the prescription of a famous doctor—circulates through the blood, quickly curbing the attacks. The very first day the strangling congestion is dissolved, thus giving free, easy breathing and restful sleep. No dopes, no smokes, no injections. Just take pleasant, tasteless Mendaco tablets at meals and be entirely free from Asthma and Bronchitis in next 10 to 14 days, even though you may have suffered for years. Mendaco is so successful that it is guaranteed to give you free, easy breathing in 24 hours and to completely satisfy or money back on return of empty package. Get Mendaco from your chemist. The guarantee protects you.

Mendaco

Arrests Asthma ★ Bronchitis ★ Hay Fever

**5 doctors prove
this plan breaks
the laxative habit**

If you take laxatives regularly—here's how you can stop! Because 5 New York doctors now have proved you may break the laxative habit... and establish your natural powers of regularity. 83% of the cases tested did it. So can you.

Stop taking whatever you now take. Instead: Every night for one week take 2 Carter's Little Liver Pills. 2nd week—one each night. 3rd week—one every other night. Then—nothing! Every day: drink eight glasses of water; set a definite time for regularity.

Carter's Little Liver Pills "unblock" the lower digestive tract and from then on let it make use of its own natural powers.

Further—Carter's Little Liver Pills contain no habit-forming drugs. Get Carter's Little Liver Pills at any chemist or store.

Pimples Go

The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away pimples. Use Nixoderm to-night and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Pimples, Bolls, Red Blisters, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. Get Nixoderm from your chemist or store to-day under the positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish pimples and clear your skin soft and smooth or money back on return of empty package.

Nixoderm 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch

Dress Sense by Betty Keep

NEUTRAL colors are still important on the spring color calendar, especially pale grey, pale beige, and pale cocoa.

I have suggested a combination of grey and beige for a spring ensemble in reply to a reader's letter.

Accent on pockets

"WOULD you please help me with a design for a spring suit, in wool, in a neutral shade, if the lighter colors are still smart? I want the skirt to have fullness, but I don't admire flying-panel styles."

Sketched on this page is my suggestion for a light wool spring suit. The material is grey flannel. Two large bellows pockets finish the trim, belted jacket—pockets are spring fashion news. The skirt is knife-pleated, one of the current ways to express skirt fullness. A pale beige cloche hat and beige pull-on gloves complete an effective all-neutral color scheme.



A SUIT of grey flannel designed for the cooler days of spring. The knife-pleated skirt gives fullness without bulk.

Beach jacket

"IN November I am going to the seaside for two weeks. I have enough pretty cottons, but I want a jacket for chilly days. American fashions attract me, and I thought you might be able to advise me on what is new in jackets in America."

You may have noticed that a widely featured American fashion is the return of the cardigan. It's a favorite for city and seaside, to wear with casual clothes or evening cottons. To have the cardigan precisely matched to the dress is newest. Made of fine wool, it can be hand-knitted, classic in design, finished with wrist-length sleeves, worn pushed up to

either just below the elbow or up to the forearm.

A quilted coolie coat made in printed cotton is another new idea you might consider.

Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Fine cottons

"WOULD you please tell me if white cotton would be suitable for a bridesmaid's dress? If so, what are the best materials to buy?"

Sheer cottons headed for summer success as bridesmaids' frocks include crease-resisting voiles, cross-barred batistes, dotted Swiss muslins, dimities, and lawns. These fine cottons look best made over a pastel foundation and highlighted with colored gloves and shoes.

Scallop trimming

"I HAVE made a white pique one-piece dress in a rather tailored and plain style. The neck is a low oval, sleeves short, and skirt flared. Now that the frock is finished it is a great disappointment. It looks too plain. Would you suggest a trimming, please? I still have about 3yd. of pique."

Add a collar to the low oval neckline and cuffs to the sleeves, and then scallop the edge of both in scarlet cotton. Finish the hemline with the same scallop and you will have a dress right up to the moment in summer fashion.

Fashion FROCKS

"SARAH."—A smart jerkin suit, styled in a spun linen, printed with a white spot on pale green, pale blue, red, lemon, and navy grounds.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 62/3. Postage, 2/3 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 47/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 49/9. Postage, 2/3 extra.

"EVE."—An attractive sports blouse, fastened with pearl ball buttons. Material is crepe-de-chine; colors obtainable are white, blue, and pink.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 32/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 34/9. Postage, 1/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 27/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 29/6. Postage, 1/6 extra.

"CLAUDIA."—Simple yet chic is this one-piece made in check gingham. The colors obtainable are green and white, blue and white, and red and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 39/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 42/6. Postage, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 29/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 33/2. Postage, 2/- extra.

• N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

SEND your orders for Fashion Frocks (note prices) to Pattern Department at the address given below for your State. Patterns may be obtained from our offices in Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, and Adelaide (see address at top of page 17), or by post. Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Box 388A, G.P.O., Adelaide. Box 491Q, G.P.O., Perth. Box 469P, G.P.O., Brisbane. Box 185C, G.P.O., Melbourne. Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle. Tasmania: Box 195C, G.P.O., Melbourne. N.Z.: Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. (N.Z. readers use money orders only.)



Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

for that most important occasion....



Not so easy to get, of course, but the ultimate in hosiery perfection...

Nylons by Prestige



Run down?
"I'm ready for anything!"

"Not long ago I was good for nothing—and knew it. But I didn't have the energy to care about anything—was nervy, jittery and irritable. A course of 'Sanatogen' made me ready for anything. 'SANATOGEN', at all chemists, 4/9, 8/1, 15/3.



Start a course of
'SANATOGEN'
Reg. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC FOOD

The only tonic which restores the protein and organic phosphorus your system needs.

524.26.8



Old King Canute

a gay old shoo. Tried hard to stop the waves: The King said "Dash," and made a splash, And kicked six of his slaves. But Woods' so bold can stop a cold, When nothing can procure Relief from pain, none try in vain With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure Breaks up Colds quickly

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with every room . . .

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in two shapes and many colours—they
enhance the attractiveness of any furnishing
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always keep the name of FIELD in mind—
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throughout the English speaking World.



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FUSCHIA

SPRING PINK

TRUE RED

New Spring Colors

GAZE
CRÈME PALE ÉCARMEL

Tops in Tips!



24 hour facial

By CAROLYN EARLE

● If you are troubled with a dry skin (a good 80 per cent. of women are), the 24-hour lubricating facial is an effective step towards a brighter, smoother complexion. Contour work is incorporated.

ALTHOUGH it is called the 24-hour facial, this treatment is a matter of make-up too, and is of benefit to all types of skins, particularly in this season of increasing outdoor living.

Because it is so simple it is popular overseas, where skin-toughening weather makes beauty homework essential at all times of the year.

Cream, plus thin oil, applied over an efficiently cleansed skin to properly lubricate outer layers, is the important part of the facial.

A few weeks of this treatment can bring about a pretty change of face.

Here are the directions:

As usual, the first step is to cleanse the skin thoroughly—face, throat, and chest—with a cleansing compound rich in oil content.

Melt a little of the cream in a container placed in hot water, or a spoon warmed over low heat, and apply in a series of small, circular motions.

A deserts spoon is suggested for the job, for reasons explained later.

The warmth and liquefied cream will seem actually to lift dust and make-up off the skin.

Remove this cream with tissue, a warm face-cloth, or wash off with warm soapy water.

Skin experts' advice now is to be sure to wash our faces at least once daily, whether or not the complexion is dry.

It is generally effective because soap and water, properly used, are helpful in coaxing sebaceous glands to renewed action, thus restoring their function of lubricating the skin from underneath, while all this good surface work is going along.

There is no denying that soap and water is irritating to the skin of some people, but a helpful factor is the application of cream directly before washing, and again afterwards.

Very sensitive skins may benefit from using soap for alternate washings in the beginning, until the skin can take a daily dose amiably.

Skin that chaps easily fares better when washed before going to bed, rather than in the mornings, when the use of soap and water,

plus the action of cold winds, produces a most uncomfortable result.

Don't forget that little bag of oatmeal in the washing water as a soothing agent. Soap, of course, should be the mildest procurable.

Now, with the skin thoroughly cleansed, the second step is to go all over the face and throat with some thin, warmed oil—olive oil, baby oil, and paraffin are all excellent.

Using a swab of wadding, massage oil into the area so that the skin is saturated, but the oil doesn't drip off. There is no need to keep the massage up for a long time.

Here is where that deserts spoon will do double duty.

First make sure it is not too warm, then use the back curve of the spoon to carry out some chin and throat moulding by pressing it firmly upward under the jawbone, round from one ear to the other.

Follow by patting the throat all over gently, still with the spoon back, commencing under the chin and working downward.

The lubricating oil remains on for approximately 15-20 minutes, and is then dabbed off until no film can be seen on the skin.

The third and last step in the treatment comes the next morning when a fine spray of cool water played over the face, neck, and

chest, for three or four minutes, will bring a rosy glow to the surface by quickening the circulation.

If a fine spray is not part of the bathroom equipment, smooth the skin with skin freshener or simply wipe off with a cool cloth before applying cream-type make-up foundation.

Just before you are ready to put on your make-up, and before that cream foundation sets, slip some drops of cold water over the skin treated with the fingertips, and then pat dry with a tissue or towel.

This will remove surplus cream, but still leave a transparent layer to supply all-day lubrication that is a necessary part of this 24-hour facial treatment.

Apart from its efficiency this treatment has three advantages... it is not necessary to leave gobs of cream on the face overnight, to impair daytime make-up, or to expend a great deal of time in preparation and application.

Which Twin has the Toni

and which the expensive Perm?

(See answer below)



As easy as putting your hair in curlers *but* the wave lasts as long as a salon perm!

TONI Home Permanent is a creme cold wave. Like millions of women, you'll say it's the loveliest perm you've ever had. Toni waves any hair that will take a perm, including grey, dyed, or baby-fine, and a TONI will last just as long as an expensive salon perm. Over 25,000,000 women throughout the world are TONI users!

TONI is a wonderful time saver! While your wave is "taking" — sew, cook, do all the things you normally would at home.

Save money now—save every time you need a permanent! The TONI Home Permanent Kit has plastic curlers that can be used again and again. For your next TONI all you need is the TONI REFILL that costs only 10/-.

It's hard to tell who has the TONI and who has the expensive wave! Alva, the Anderson twin at the right, has the TONI!



A product of the Toni Division of Gillette

T4/20Y

A Famous Brand Erin Art

A PIONEER PRODUCT

Your safeguard when buying SHEETS AND PILLOW CASES



Made from finest quality, linen-finished sheetings, Erin Art sheets are available in all sizes either plain or hemstitched and scalloped; Erin Art pillow cases are in housewife style, hemstitched, embroidered or plain.

N1-48

TIRED FEET?

Hot, tired feet need this treatment:—

A Cuticura Soap bath and Cuticura Ointment application. Try it and enjoy real foot comfort. Cuticura Ointment, Soap and Talcum Powder—the famous trio.

532

Cuticura
OINTMENT

MISSING THE FUN?

Are you watching others getting a lot of fun out of life? Fun which you miss because of continual listlessness and frayed nerves. Why miss these joys of life? By taking WINCARNIS you can build yourself up and gain a natural zest for living. That is what WINCARNIS is for. It is a tonic with wonderful recuperative powers—a skillful blending of choice wines with other strength-giving elements to fortify the brain and nerves and generally tone up the system. WINCARNIS has helped countless nervy, run-down men and women to regain natural buoyant health and vigour, as thousands of recommendations from the medical profession testify. It will do YOU good, too. Start now taking WINCARNIS. Ask your Chemist for a bottle of WINCARNIS... the Wine of Life.

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Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
♥♥♥♥♥

More of everything you want in a Refrigerator...

COLDSTREAM

LEADS WITH EXTRA VALUE.. COSTS POUNDS LESS!



- Makes 84 ice cubes—freezes ice cream fast.
- Roomy Hydrator Box for meats and vegetables.
- Biggest food storage.
- Automatic interior lighting.
- Cabinet proportioned to save floor space.
- Accessible Door Baskets.
- Greatest efficiency and economy with powerful Coldstream Freezing Unit.

Coldstream Refrigerators are also built from 6 cubic foot capacity to the largest commercial size.



Consider Coldstream's claim before you buy. Coldstream, most experienced of Australia's refrigeration engineers, make the finest units for domestic or commercial purposes...refrigerators expressly designed for more years of efficient, quiet, troublefree service, simple beauty of appearance, extra power and greater storage capacity. Choose Coldstream TODAY for the years AHEAD!

**LOOK
WHAT YOU CAN STORE**

The illustration below (from an actual photograph) shows the amazing amount of food which can be stored in the new Coldstream 7 cu. ft. model.



COLDSTREAM

7 CUBIC FT. MODEL... £117

(Illustrated) Price includes Sales Tax—installed in capital cities with 12 Months Free Service. Convenient Credit Terms.

FOR YOUR COLDSTREAM REFRIGERATOR SEE YOUR LOCAL COLDSTREAM DEALER—OR CHECK WITH...

NEW SOUTH WALES—Factory Representative: Refrigerator Installation & Service Co. Pty. Ltd., 8 Bridge Road, Glebe, Sydney. Telephone: MW 2588 (2 lines)

VICTORIA—Factory Representative: Eckersley & Soto Pty. Ltd., 93 Clarendon Street, South Melbourne. Telephone: MX 1266 (3 lines)

QUEENSLAND—Distributors: Buzzacott's (Q'land) Ltd., 443 Adelaide Street, Brisbane. Telephone: B 3501. King & King Ltd., 77 Queen Street, Brisbane. Telephone: B 3711

SOUTH AUSTRALIA—Factory Representative: Chas. Howson & Son Ltd., Mary Street, Unley. Telephone: U 7157.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA—Factory Representative: Hawthorn-Coldstream Pty. Limited, 92-94 Green St., Mt. Hawthorn. Telephones: B 4802, B 6290.

TASMANIA—Factory Representative: Coldstream (Tasmania) Pty. Ltd., Lampton Avenue, Derwent Park. Telephones: Glenorchy 274, Hobart 4236.

COLDSTREAM... FIRST IN DOMESTIC AND COMMERCIAL REFRIGERATION



● Meringue mixtures, sweet or savory, are popular and have the added advantage of being decorative.

THE secret of making meringues lies in the beating, for, unless the whites of the eggs are stiffly beaten before cooking, they will not hold the desired shape.

Slow cooking is important. Too much heat will harden and discolor the meringue.

Points to remember:

● Use fresh eggs. Stale ones have a thinner white which does not respond to beating.

● Separate the whites from the yolks carefully, as the smallest speck of yolk will prevent the white from fluffing.

● Eggs are easier to separate when they are cold, but they beat up more rapidly when warmer, so if they are taken from a refrigerator separate them at once, but leave the whites in a basin until room temperature is reached before beating.

● Choose a large basin, warm it slightly, and use a perfectly dry whisk.

● See that the sugar is free from lumps.

● Proportion of sugar to egg-whites: For a fluffy topping on a pie or pudding use 1 tablespoon to each egg-white. For a meringue shell use

four tablespoons to each egg-white.

Add the sugar gradually, beating after each addition.

When spreading the meringue over the pie, tart, or pudding, be sure it touches the pastry rim or it will shrink away while baking.

JELLY CASTLE MERINGUES

Three egg-whites, pinch salt, 6oz. crystal sugar, squeeze lemon juice, vanilla, 1½ cups fruit salad, 2-3rd cup liquid lemon jelly, same quantity of raspberry and green jelly, whipped cream or substitute to decorate.

Set jellies in tiny individual moulds (rinsed with cold water). If tiny moulds are not available egg cups may be used. Prepare meringue cases.

Beat egg-whites stiffly with salt; gradually add sugar, beat until sugar is dissolved and mixture holds its shape, add vanilla and lemon juice.

Spoon or pipe on to greased oven trays, making hollow cases about 3½ to 4 in. in diameter. Bake in slow oven until crisp and dry. Cool. Fill with fruit salad. Unmould jellies, place one on top of fruit salad in each meringue case. Decorate with chopped jelly, whipped cream or substitute.

PEPPERMINT ICE-CREAM

One pint fresh milk, 4 heaped tablespoons powdered milk, 2 tablespoons condensed milk, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water, few drops oil of peppermint or peppermint essence.

Warm milk, beat in powdered milk, condensed milk, and dissolved gelatine. Beat 5 or 6 minutes. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze until starting to thicken around edges. Return to basin, beat 5 minutes longer. Fold in peppermint, return to trays, freeze until firm.

NOUGAT FRUIT PAVLOVA

Four egg-whites, 8oz. crystal sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, green coloring.

Filling: Two ounces cake crumbs or fine breadcrumbs, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. coconut, 1oz. chopped nuts, 1 dessertspoon lemon juice, 1 tablespoon apricot jam, 1 cup fruit salad, whipped cream or substitute, glace or maraschino cherries to decorate.

Beat egg-whites stiffly, gradually add sugar. Beat until all sugar is dissolved and mixture holds its shape. Fold in cornflour, lemon juice, col-

oring. Pipe or spoon to form an 8 in. circle or 10 in. ring on greased paper or flat oven tray. Pipe or spoon sides to a height of 2 in. Meringue will spread slightly during cooking. Bake in very slow oven (275deg. F. gas) or in stored heat of electric oven (both elements off) until crisp and dry—1½ to 2 hours. Allow to cool, carefully remove paper. Prepare filling.

Filling: Combine all ingredients, mixing well. Fill into cooled meringue case, decorate with cream and cherries.

STRAWBERRY WHIP PAVLOVA

One meringue made and baked as in recipe for nougat fruit pavlova, ½ packet strawberry jelly crystals, ½ cup hot water, ½ cup chopped or crushed strawberries, whole strawberries and mint or strawberry leaves to garnish.

Make meringue case and cool. Dissolve jelly crystals in hot water. When cold and beginning to thicken, whip with rotary beater until mixture holds its shape and is light and fluffy. Fold in strawberries, fill into meringue case. Chill until filling is set. Decorate with whole strawberries and mint or strawberry leaves. May be served with whipped cream or substitute, or ice-cream.

THE SAVORY TART illustrated above is garnished with tomato and has a topping of cheesy meringue. Nougat and strawberry whip makes the Pavlova cakes, and the jelly castles have cases of meringue as a foundation.

CHOCOLATE CHIP MERINGUES

Four egg-whites, pinch salt, 8oz. crystal sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, few drops vanilla essence, ½ cup roughly chopped dark chocolate.

Beat egg-whites with pinch of salt until very stiff. Gradually add sugar, beating until sugar is dissolved and mixture holds its shape. Pipe with large plain pipe, or spoon on to well-greased oven trays. (Meringues spread ½ in. to ¾ in. during cooking time, so space well apart.) Bake in slow oven (300deg. F. gas, 350deg. F. electric) approximately 1 hour until crisp and dry in the centre. Join two together with peppermint-flavored ice-cream. Serve in small sweets dishes with extra peppermint ice-cream and chocolate sauce.

CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Three tablespoons cocoa, ½ cup water, ½ cup milk, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon condensed milk, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, vanilla to taste.

Blend cocoa to a smooth paste with water. Bring to boiling point with milk and sugar; simmer 5 minutes. Beat in condensed milk, margarine or butter, and vanilla, simmer 2 minutes longer. Serve hot or cold as desired.

Continued on page 54

You can taste
the
CREAM!



The handy 12oz. tin makes 4 pints of milk, containing nearly 1 pint of cream. And there's the 3lb. tin which makes 2 gallons of rich milk.

Yes, Trufood Fullcream is the whole milk—pure and creamy. There's 4 pints of dairy-fresh milk in every 12oz. tin . . . milk that's rich with nearly half a pint of golden cream.

You see, Trufood is all fresh full-cream milk, only the water has been removed and no preservatives are added. That's why it is the richest powdered milk for drinking—ideal and safe for babies and youngsters—the best for all cooking that calls for milk. Trufood's as good as a cow in your pantry!

Trufood is made and mixed in a moment, and it's 100% soluble in water.

FREE!

Trufood is ideal for all milk recipes—so why not drop a line for the Trufood Recipe Book? Write your name and address clearly on a sheet of paper marked "Trufood Recipe Book" and post to Box 2922, G.P.O., Sydney.



A SMALL QUANTITY of pastry (biscuit or shortcrust) left from a sweet or savory tart makes the cases for these almond cheese cakes for between-meal snacks. See prize-winning recipe on this page.

Simple French recipe wins £5 prize

● Thick fish soup or bouillabaisse—almost a meal in itself—is a very popular French dish. The recipe wins this week's main prize.

FISH used in French bouillabaisse are found along the shores of the Mediterranean Sea, but Australian coastal waters yield fish which result in a bouillabaisse as appetising as the French dish.

French Roulades, another recipe well worth trying, wins a consolation prize.

If wine is not available for the gravy, substitute $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock or water and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup white wine vinegar or lemon juice.

Any number of entries may be submitted for this weekly contest. No entry forms are necessary and conditions are simple.

Write recipes clearly on one side of paper only; list ingredients in the order in which they are used; give clear, concise instructions for mixing and cooking.

Include name, address, and name of State in which you live, on every page.

All spoon measurements are level.

BOUILLABAISSE

Three pounds fish of at least 3 different types (flathead, bream, blackfish, whiting, snapper, or mullet), 2 small onions, 3 tomatoes, 2 crushed cloves of garlic, 2 tablespoons olive oil, pinch saffron, 1 pint fish stock, (made from heads of fish), bay leaf (if available), pinch thyme, pepper and salt to taste, chopped parsley.

Peel and chop onions, place in saucepan with skinned chopped tomatoes, crushed garlic, olive oil, saffron, and fish stock. Cook quickly for 10 minutes. Add bay leaf, thyme, pepper and salt, and fish cut in chunky pieces—use coarse-fleshed fish first. Cook 10 minutes longer, add softer fish and cook further 5 minutes. Place small squares dry bread in deep plates, spoon fish mixture over and sprinkle with chopped parsley.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. B. Gould-Marks, 117 Morris Rd., Mortdale, N.S.W.

FRENCH ROULADES

Two pounds topside steak (cut into 4-inch squares, $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick), piece of fat bacon for each square,

small pickled cucumber, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, 1 dessertspoon capers, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, pepper and salt, 1 tablespoon margarine or good fat, 1 cup white wine, 1 cup water or meat or vegetable stock, cornflour, parsley to garnish.

Beat meat with wooden mallet or rolling pin. Make a filling mixture of diced cucumber, capers, onion, and anchovy paste, mixed together. Place piece of bacon on each meat square, add 1 teaspoon of the filling. Fold meat over and tie with cotton. Melt shortening in saucepan, add meat and allow to brown on both sides. Add wine and water, cover, and simmer gently until meat is tender. Remove cotton and thicken gravy with blended cornflour. Addition of a little sour cream improves the gravy. Serve on hot meat dish garnished with parsley.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. E. Kunge, Milman, N.C.R., Qld.

MERINGUES

Continued from page 53

SAVORY MERINGUE TART

One cooked 8in. savory pastry case, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cooked corn (or drained tinned corn), 2 medium-sized tomatoes, 1 tablespoon margarine or good clean fat, 2 hard-boiled eggs, salt and pepper to taste, 1 dessertspoon grated onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 2 egg-whites, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 2 tablespoons finely grated cheese.

Spread corn over base of pastry case, first brushing case with a little egg-white. Sprinkle lightly with salt and pepper, then add half onion and half parsley. Slice tomatoes, fry lightly on both sides in hot margarine or fat. Place tomatoes on top of corn, sprinkle with salt, pepper, and balance of onion and parsley. Slice hard-boiled eggs, arrange on top of tomatoes. Beat egg-whites until very stiff with a pinch of salt. Beat in cornflour, pile on top of tart. Sprinkle lightly with grated cheese. Bake in very moderate oven (325deg. F. gas, 375deg. F. electric) until filling is heated through and meringue very lightly browned. Garnish with tomato wedges and parsley. Serve hot or cold.

"COOKERY FOR PARTIES"

makes home entertaining easy

FOLLOWING on our £3000 Cookery Contest, The Australian Women's Weekly has just published a wonderful new book, "Cookery for Parties." This book provides a complete guide to home entertaining.

There's no other book like it in the world. Every plan it features has proved a success in practice. Every menu and every recipe has been home tested.

No matter what kind of party you wish to give, you will find in this fascinating 68-page book the most delightful menus, reliable recipes, novelties, and decorative ideas, in addition to working schedules.

It's the kind of book that every homemaker and hostess will want.

"Cookery for Parties" can be had from all newsagents and booksellers for 2/- . Get your copy now!

Camilatone

for Lovelier Hair
INDIVIDUALLY YOURS

with the S.R.S. Beauty Treatment

HAMPOO: First step is your individual colour Camilatone Shampoo. Vitamin-charged Camilatone cleanses and invigorates both hair and scalp without harsh drying action.

RINSE: With the Tonix hair-colour rinse supplied in every packet of Camilatone. Tonix brings light and life to your hair and, by subtly defining its natural colour, gives enhanced hair loveliness. Extra packets of Tonix in your individual shade also available.

SET: With Lustrax—day-long loveliness for your hair with this beautifier and setting cream. Lustrax leaves a silkier sheen, makes brilliant shine unnecessary.

Camilatone

Individual Hair Treatment for
Lovelier Hair.
At Chemists, Stores, Ladies'
Hairdressers.

C.13.5

Miss Languid



Miss Lively



You cannot be full of the joy of life if your system is full of poisons. Any doctor would tell you that! And so, in the bathroom of most active and cheerful people, you are likely to find a bottle of Eno. Eno sends its own invigorating sparkle tingling through your system, sweeping away impurities, leaving your bloodstream clean and unclouded for the day ahead. Take Eno when you rise—and shine!

Eno's 'Fruit Salt'
for cheerful livers

2/3 & 3/9 a bottle

Insist on
Cerebos
SALT



SEE HOW IT RUNS!
PLAIN OR IODISED

SPOTLIGHT ON QUALITY

For those who PREFER the BEST in SPAGHETTI with CHEESE

Rosella
Of Course!

Lux Fashion Flashes

FROM THE SPRING
COLLECTIONS!

For the lemonade brigade

Cotton knit cutie-suits to win friends and influence everybody. Names go right on the braces. Suits go right into gentle Lux suds when it's time for tubbing . . . and love it!



American beauty

America takes a pretty print n' jacket. Recommends it for Spring days or balmy nights. Suggests if you'll always treat it with kindness and Lux suds it will gladden all eyes for seasons.



Lace extravaganza

The witchery of lace and ribbon . . . all froth and femininity. Utterly sinful to launder it in anything but lukewarm Lux suds. For Lux whisks out undie-perspiration before it can do harm . . . keeps pretty undies posy-sweet.

Dots for gay spots

Pure silk all-day dress that belongs anywhere. Polka-dots in contrast . . . wide sash winding the waist. Ever-so-tubbable if you use Lux (but please no strong soaps or harsh washing methods).



Sheer illusion

Hemline news, these nylon will-o'-wisps . . . mist-sheer and innocent of seams, to fit you like your suntan. Cherish them with safe, gentle Lux and—like all lovely stockings—they'll last twice as long.



Give all the things you love the LUX LOOK!



U.315.WWFC

Page 55

Afraid to smile!



Teeth lost through a gum infection... it might have been prevented by sensible care with S.R. Toothpaste

Her embarrassment is caused by missing teeth—extractions have ruined her smile. Help keep your natural teeth by sensible care of your gums—guard against infection by regular use of S.R. Toothpaste.

Don't wait until infection sets in—keep your teeth sound and sparkling in firm healthy gums with S.R. Clean your teeth with S.R. to keep them dazzling white—brush and massage your gums with S.R. and look after their well-being, too.

S.R. Toothpaste contains Sodium Ricinoleate, often used in the treatment of inflamed bleeding gums and gum rot.

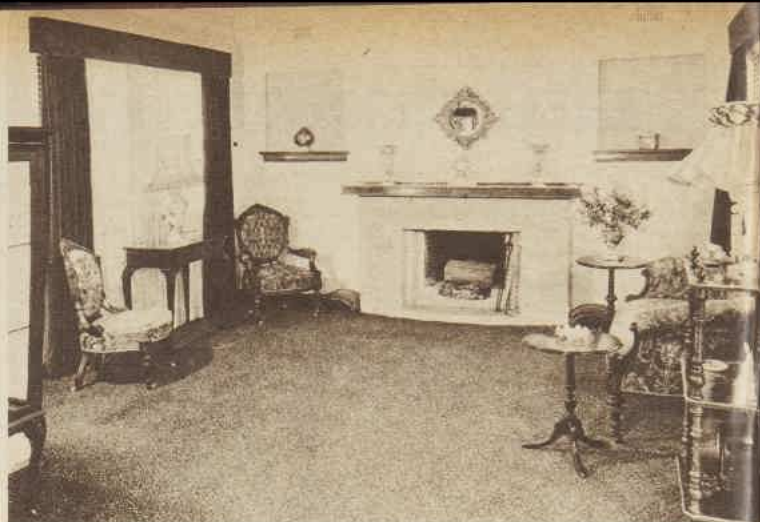
S.R. TOOTHPASTE



HELP SAVE TEETH WITH THE NEW KIND OF TOOTHPASTE

SR-44142VVW

SOFTLY patterned mulberry carpets and velvet curtains contrast with the shell-pink walls in the living-room of Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin's home at Pymble, N.S.W. Two small windows on either side of the fireplace have been filled in to form niches to hold picked pieces of glowing olive-and-gold china.



MODERN HOME FOR YOUNG COUPLE

THE two-storied house, of modern design, which Mr. and Mrs. John Goodwin have chosen for their home is in a magnificent natural setting in Pymble, N.S.W., overlooking an expanse of bushland.

In layout and furnishing it is ideally planned for a young married couple and their family.

The sun-splashed living-room has wide doors opening on to a verandah, where, when building conditions permit, an extension will be made and a dining-room added.

At present the "dining-room" consists of a corner of the lounge with wrought-iron glass-topped table and two chairs all lacquered pale pink and with lemon-patterned chintz covers.

In the cream kitchen the breakfast alcove is upholstered in dark green leather. Grey-and-white china ducks are arranged on the wall above, and the frilled curtains are tied with primrose ribbon.

Unusual colors chosen for the main bedroom achieve a cool, subdued effect.

The wall-to-wall carpet is soft sea-green, and grey-green glazed chintz curtains have flower patternings with touches of lemon, mauve, and vivid green.

Smoke-grey marquise is draped across the top of the curtains and forms the inter-curtain.

As a contrast, the carved cedar bed has a rose bodyspread.

Nursery of the Goodwins' baby son Clark is a young mother's dream with a sea-green carpet and gay floral chintz furnishings.

China and felt animals stand round the top of the windows.



WROUGHT-IRON table and chairs, which are used for dinner until a dining-room is added to the house, are seen in this corner of the living-room, with antique china cabinet and lovely secretaire.

BREAKFAST alcove in the cream kitchen is upholstered in dark green leather. Cream curtains are tied with primrose ribbon.



Eye care at home

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

THROUGHOUT life special care must be taken of the eyes, which are the most sensitive and delicately constructed organs of the body.

In the first months of life particularly, many disorders may occur, such as discharging eye, stye, and squinting. Mothers should know how to treat these conditions. Baby's eyes should be protected always from a strong glare of light and exposure to winds.

A leaflet giving hints for the treatment of ordinary eye troubles can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Scottish House, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney. Enclose stamped, addressed envelope with your request.

Miss Precious Minutes Says . . .

EMPTY cotton-reels nailed on the kitchen wall make useful pegs on which to hang damp towels or dishcloths. They do not rust or tear the towels, as nails do, and if enamelled to match the walls are hardly noticeable.

TO keep a chopping bowl from skidding round a table, prop it on top of a saucepan about half its size. This steadies the bowl, and it can be set at any angle to make the chopping easier.

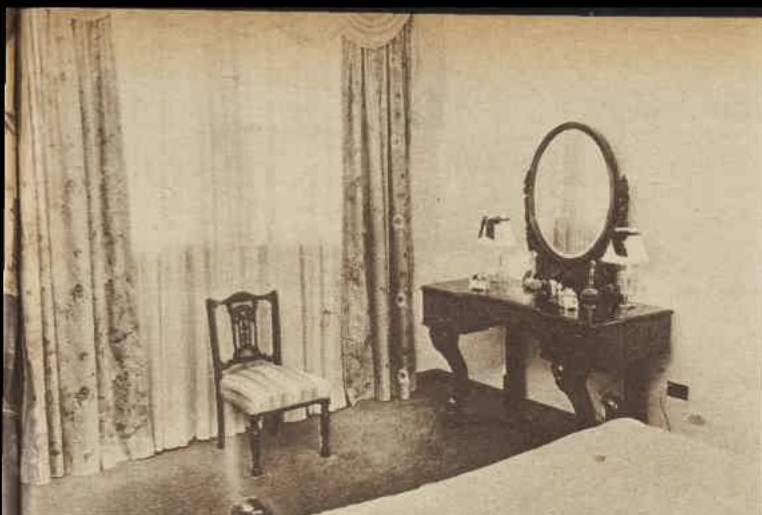
FISH and onion odors can be removed from a frying-pan by pouring a little vinegar into the pan while it is still hot.

AFTER peeling onions, rub the hands with mustard before washing them in the usual way, and any unpleasant odor will disappear.

A FRESH, crisp lettuce placed in an airtight tin without water will retain its freshness for several days.

AN easy way to separate an egg is to break the egg into a funnel. The white will slip through, and the yolk will remain in the funnel.

DIRT and grease will immediately disappear from your brushes and combs if a teaspoon of ammonia is added to the water in which they are washed.



CORNER of the main bedroom, showing grey-green glazed chintz curtains with smoke-grey marquisette drapings. The carved dressing-table has little lustres, with shades, tied with mauve velvet to give a soft light.



CURVED STEPS lead up to the paneled, lightly stained front door of Mr. and Mrs. Goodwin's home. Tubbed camquat trees stand on the patio over the double garage at the right of the door.



BABY CLARK'S NURSERY, showing sea-green carpet and gaily patterned chintz furnishings. A wooden box with handle and compartments holds all baby's toilet requirements and preserves the room's tidy appearance.

A rose by any name needs this care



NOT a champion bloom, but a flower of vigor and substance. You can grow them well, too—if you follow the advice given.

● Rose bushes are hungry plants, and to produce the good new wood, which precedes the formation of flowers, conditions should be favorable for vigorous growth.

—Says OUR HOME GARDENER.

TO obtain these conditions, adequate plant foods in available form must be supplied. The soil should be of a texture that will permit air circulation about the roots.

Sufficient soil moisture is also necessary, and steps must be taken to see that the foliage is protected from disease and insect pests.

It goes without saying that soil drainage must be good.

Even if the rose bushes have started into strong growth it is necessary to make sure that there is no check.

A good general-purpose rose fertiliser, usually made up of five parts of superphosphate and one part each of sulphate of ammonia and sulphate of potash, will give good results.

Many old-fashioned rosarians, however, prefer the slower-acting organic materials such as dried cow manure, bone meal, and wood ashes in place of, or to supplement, chemical fertilisers.

If fertiliser is used alone, apply 5lb. to a bed 5ft. by 20ft., or a trowelful to each bush.

Scatter over the entire bed surface and cultivate in lightly.

While roses, because their roots are near the surface, cannot be cultivated deeply, it is important to keep the surface soil open and porous.

The application of a mulch 3in. or so in depth will save labor and accomplish the same purpose. Pine needles, well-rotted horse manure, rotted leaves or compost can be used for this mulch.

Roses are not quickly checked by dry weather, but to do their best they must be adequately supplied with moisture.

Wetting the foliage in hot, muggy weather encourages the spread of diseases, especially black spot.

Water on bright mornings or use a porous canvas hose, which soaks the soil without wetting the foliage.

If the bushes are susceptible to mildew, dust with sulphur or spray with lime-sulphur.

Are you sure of complete protection?



Just one application of ODO-RO-NO cream gives you safe, effective protection against underarm perspiration and odour for as long as 1 to 3 days.

ODO-RO-NO will not stain your clothes . . .

ODO-RO-NO will not irritate your skin . . .

ODO-RO-NO always stays creamy in the jar.



PROTECT YOUR DAININESS WITH

ODO-RO-NO

THE PERFECT CREAM DEODORANT

TIME FOR A CAPSTAN...



TIME FOR A CAPSTAN

75M-7-4

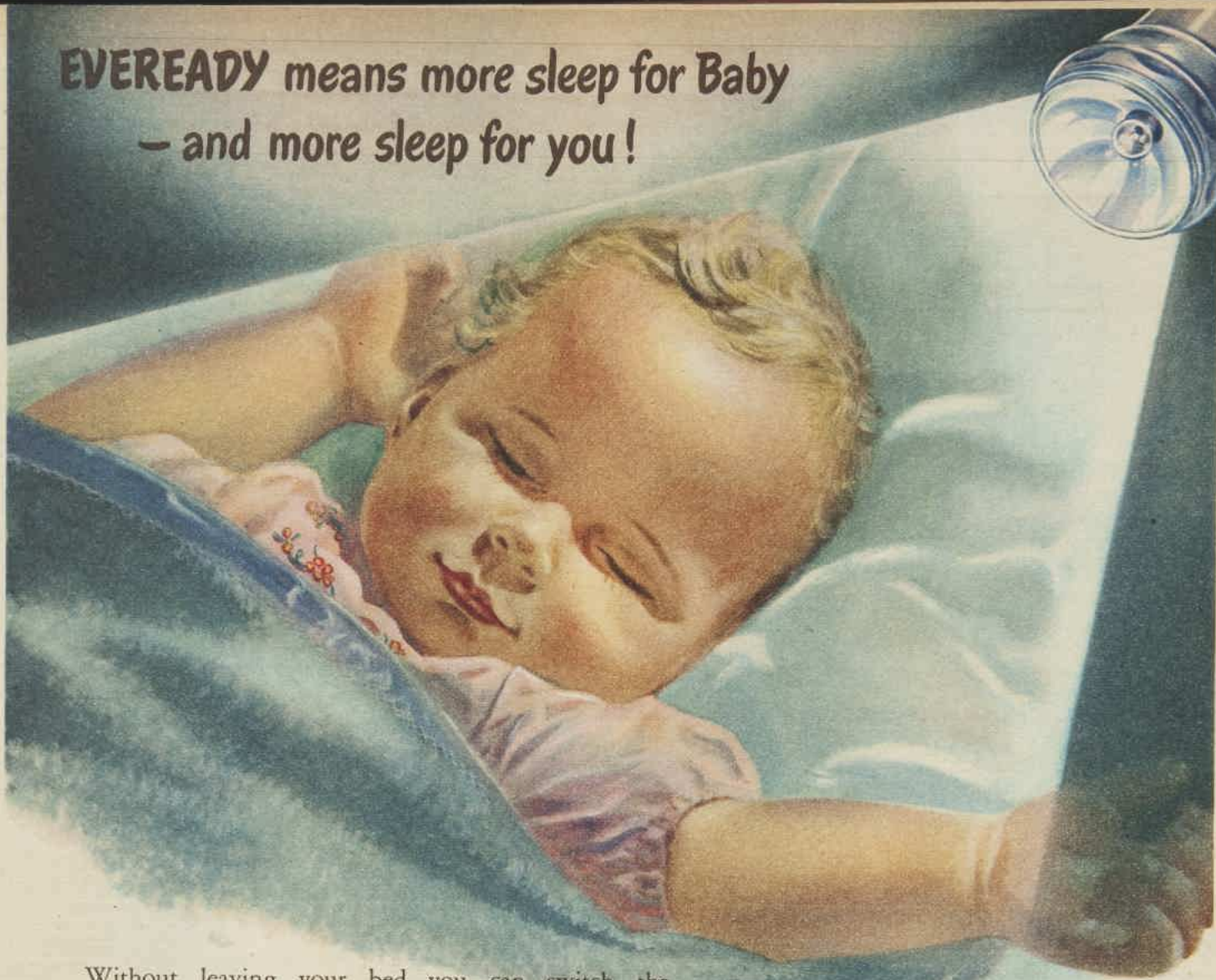
THE EMPIRE'S FAVOURED CIGARETTE

THEY'RE NEW...
THEY'RE NICER...



TRY THE NEW
HANSEN'S
FRUIT FLAVOURED
JUNKET TABLETS

EVEREADY means more sleep for Baby
— and more sleep for you!



Without leaving your bed you can switch the flashlight onto the clock to see if it's time to feed baby... or if baby's nappy needs changing. If baby has to be lifted out of his cot you can do it with the help of a flashlight and not wake up baby too much... *which means a lot more sleep for you.*

**Every home needs a
Flashlight that works**



Refill it right away with Eveready batteries. Eveready batteries give you brighter light and longer life because they're always fresh. Look for the date-line along the side of every Eveready 950 battery. It guarantees freshness.

EVEREADY
TRADE-MARK

FLASHLIGHTS, BATTERIES AND BULBS

THE NEW WAY—

Use an EVEREADY Gas Lighter!

- ★ Safer with children in the house.
- ★ Lights at the flip of a button.
- ★ Saves mess with dead matches.
- ★ On sale everywhere.

Fashion PATTERNS

F5642—Simple one-piece dress has a bodice top enlivened by three tucks. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5643—Attractive sun-dress and matching bolero jacket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material. Price, 2/8.

F5644—Afternoon dress with flatterer hip drape. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5645—Small girl's one-piece is matched to adult's design. Sizes 20, 23, and 27in. lengths for 4, 6, and 8 years. Requires 2½yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/8.

F5646—One-piece dress with pretty self ruffle trim on yoke and pockets. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price, 1/11.

F5647—Nicely tailored sports skirt designed with moderate fullness. Sizes 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist measurement. Requires 2yds. 34in. material. Price, 1/11.

• When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 163, 164, 165, 166, 168, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

• To order Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 49.



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 163—SUMMER FROCK

Cut out, ready to sew, wrap-over frock of long-wearing summer breeze has large floral design on a white ground. In red, blue, and lemon; green, black, and mauve; cyclamen, blue, and turquoise; grey, red, and black; blue, mauve, and green.

Price: 32 and 34in. bust, 23/11. Regd. postage, 2/3 extra. 36 and 38in. bust, 25/9. Regd. postage, 2/3 extra.

Nos. 164, 165—SUNSUITS

Gay action-free sunsuits of checked azyphr cut out ready to sew. Red and white, blue and white, green and white. Sizes: Length 18in., 2 yrs., 5/6. Postage, 6½d. extra. Length 19 in., 3 yrs., 5/9. Postage, 6½d. extra. Length 20in., 4 yrs., 6/11. Regd. postage, 1½d. extra. Length 23in., 5-6 yrs., 7/11. Regd. postage, 1/1 extra.

No. 166—INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS

Measuring 11in. x 11in., the handkerchiefs may be ordered traced ready to embroider with any initial. Material is a fancy-spoked voile in white, pale blue, and pink, or a sheer linen in lemon, pink, white, pale blue, and green. Price: Linen, 1/3 ea., set of three 3/6. Postage, 3½d. extra. Voile, 1/- ea., set of three 2/9. Postage, 3½d. extra.

No. 167—LITTLE GIRL'S BLOUSE

This blouse is in white cotton limbric with dainty puffed sleeves and peter pan collar. Cut out and ready to sew, full instructions are given.

Sizes: Chest 26in., 8 yrs., 7/3. Regd. postage, 10½d. extra. Chest 28in., 10 yrs., 7/11. Regd. postage, 10½d. extra. Chest 30in., 12 yrs., 8/6. Regd. postage, 11½d. extra. Chest 32in., 14 years, 8/11. Regd. postage, 11½d. extra.

No. 168—GIRL'S PINAFORE FROCK

Cut out and ready to sew, the square-necked pinafore can be worn with the blouse or as a sun-frock. The material is a dainty floral springtime cambie in shades of blue and white, red and white, turquoise and white.

Sizes: Length 27in., 8 yrs., 11/5. Regd. postage, 1/3 extra. Length 31in., 10 yrs., 12/11. Regd. postage, 1/6 extra. Length 34in., 12 yrs., 14/5. Regd. postage, 1/6 extra. Length 36in., 14 yrs., 15/6. Regd. postage, 1/9 extra.



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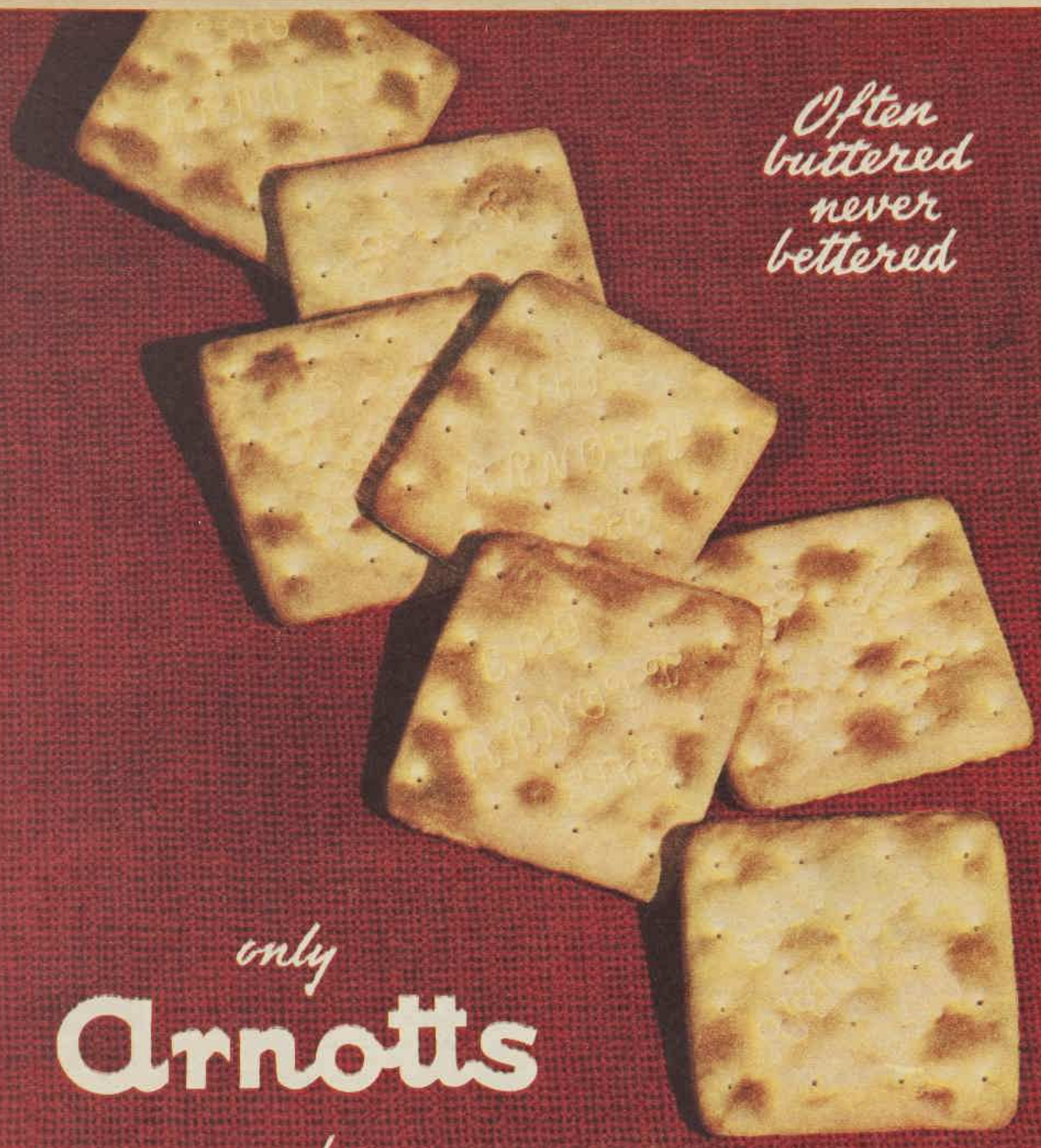
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